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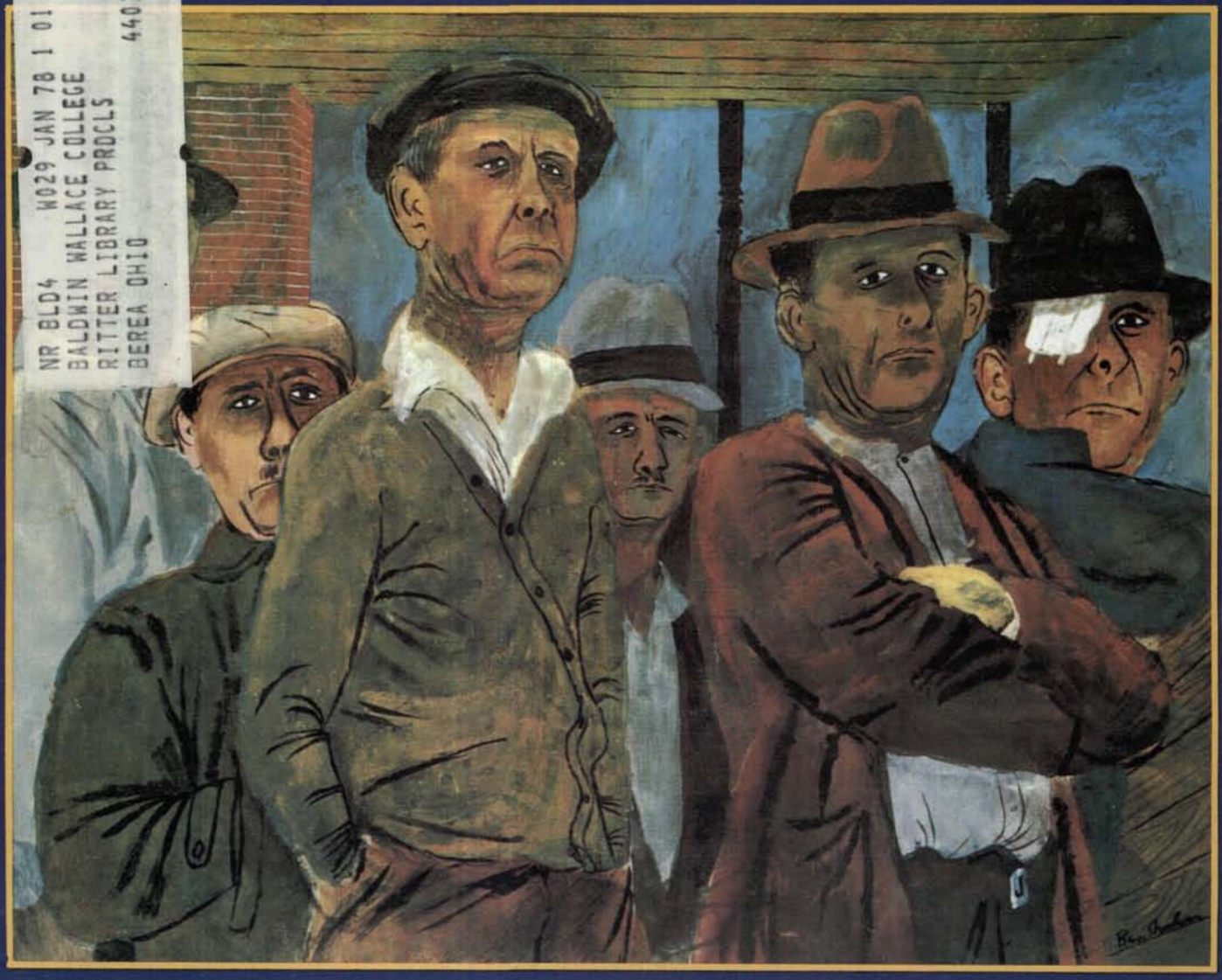

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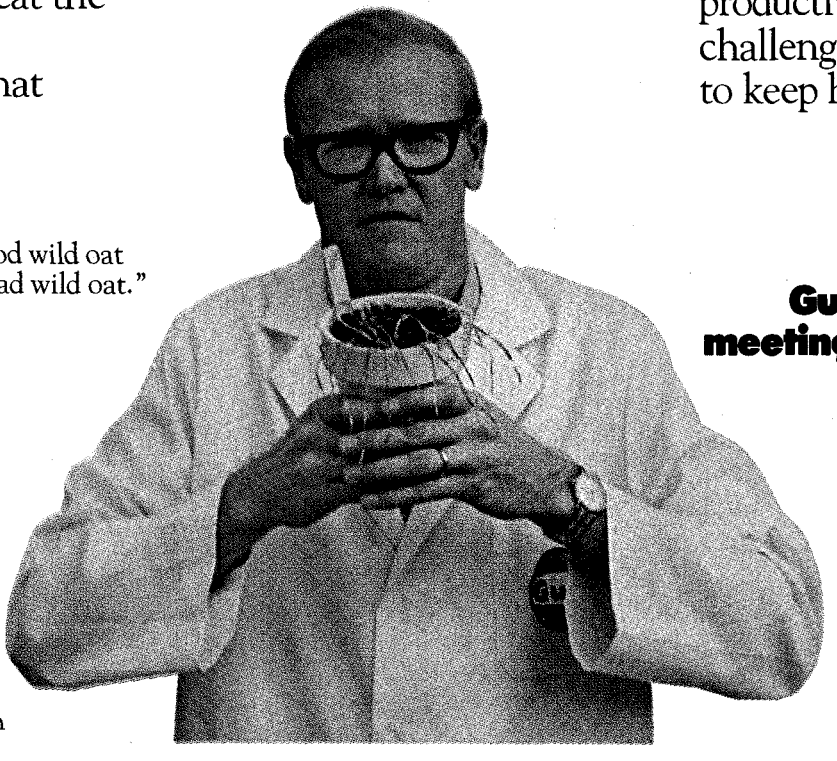

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TRB

from Washington ®
February, 19, 1977

The Subject Was Survival

After 2000 years of the Christian era two rival superpowers have emerged, either of whom can blast the other off the earth by mysterious nuclear weapons. The game is to see whether they do this and commit suicide, or whether they overcome their mutual hate and do what is so obviously in their self-interest. It is as pretty a test of the survival potential of *homo sapiens* as you will find; we can all take an interest in it.

So now we are met in the overcrowded auditorium of the Executive Office Building on Pennsylvania Avenue to watch the latest scene. The room is too small for the reporters and they jam the sides waiting for President Carter. The floor slants downward, the carpet is tan, there is a little stage at the end with a lectern and presidential seal, and behind me I count 17 motion picture and TV cameras. It is a fairly low-ceilinged room that heats up with bodies and spotlights—warm as a television booth.

Excitement builds as we near 2:30; he has been president now about three weeks; he has been interviewed by four reporters from the news agencies and proved relaxed and competent without saying much; he has given his fireside chat in a cardigan sweater and recapitulated rather fuzzy pledges made in the campaign. He has issued a pardon to Vietnam war evaders and he has taken a series of symbolic steps denoting simplicity and togetherness, including that nice inaugural walk from the Capitol. The Carter preliminaries are all but over now; real action is required; we have come to the end of the beginning.

At the dot of 2:30 a short, erect man in blue shirt, bold tie and gray suit walks on the stage; without the usual sonorous announcement, "The President," we awkwardly rise; he motions us down, and then President Carter starts his first press conference without any preliminary time-consuming statement. It is dominated by that little matter I mentioned at the beginning, the question of whether we can control the spiraling nuclear arms race and survive.

He is asked about the confirmation of Paul Warnke as chief US delegate to negotiate with Russia on arms limitation. Warnke's notions about negotiation, expressed in *Foreign Policy* magazine in 1975, alarm hard-liners. They boil down to this: President Nixon asserted repeatedly that he couldn't negotiate successfully with Moscow if we went to the bargaining table as the world's second strongest military power. All he wanted, he said, was to be sure that *Russia* was the world's second strongest military power.

Warnke came up with a thought that apparently never occurred to Nixon or the Pentagon—that we had persuaded the Russians, too, that they could not "bargain successfully" unless *they* were the strongest military power. Warnke put it simply:

"If we insist on remaining Number One, because there are incalcuable risks in being Number Two, then the Soviets have the wherewithal to escape that subordinate position." He said they would seek to be Number One for the same reason we wanted to be. As Warnke added, every proposal to bargain away nuclear threats simply stimulated the determination to be Number One in "a mindless buildup."

What to do? His idea chills the Pentagon and stuns the Washington-based "Coalition for a Democratic Majority" that has been circulating an anonymous attack on him among senators: Why not test the Russians, he asks; why not tell them what we are doing and make a gesture of restraint "while calling for matching restraint" from them?

Is not this a terrifying proposal? It shows how soft he is. He brazenly spells it out:

"If the Soviet Union responds by some significant slowing of its own strategic arms buildup, we can at the end of the first six months announce additional moves."

What nonsense; it is all but treasonable! And here is this man Jimmy Carter at his first presidential press conference declaring that Warnke is qualified and that he believes the Senate will confirm him "overwhelmingly." Worse, Carter proposes to side-step obstacles that have held up SALT II treaty agreement for two years and actually make a little gesture of consolation here and now, just as Warnke urged: each side to agree to notify the

(continued on page 34)

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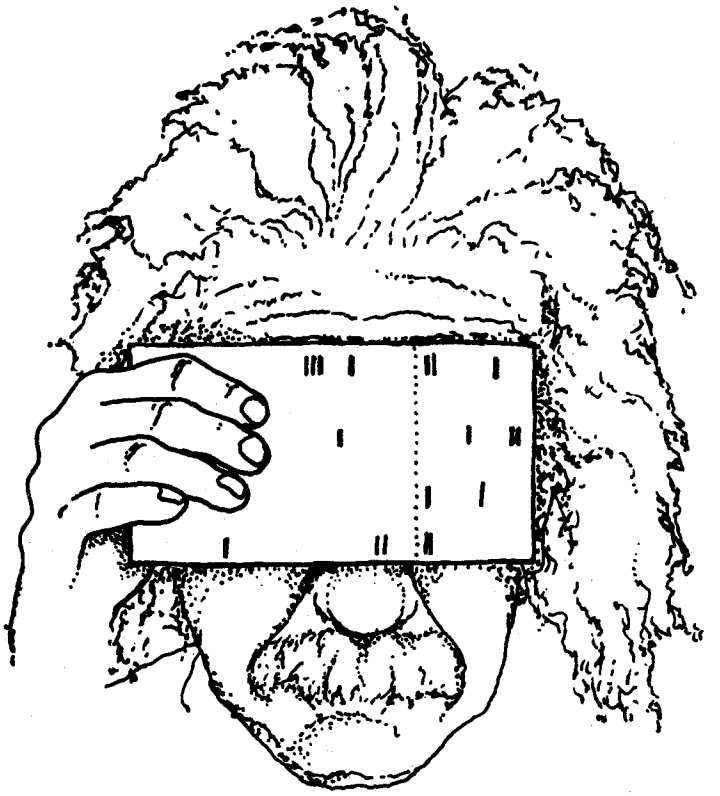
You don't have to be a nuclear physicist to understand an electric bill.



The numbers next to the $ sign are a lot higher today than a couple of years ago. And we can expect even bigger bills as prices increase for oil, coal, natural gas—the main sources for the energy we use.

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Forked Tongue

Carter meets the Joint Chiefs of Staff

With the departure of Henry Kissinger, the Lone Ranger is gone from American foreign policy, but what has replaced him? Sometimes, it appears, a band of wild Indians. Vice President Mondale told NATO that the United States would increase its defense commitment to Europe, but Secretary of State Vance said he would talk to the Russians about cuts. UN Ambassador Andrew Young said Cubans in Angola increase stability; the State Department declared it wants them out. Vance indicated we are pushing for a Geneva Conference this year on the Middle East; National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski has told people privately there are other options. President Carter suggested he might leave US cruise missiles and Soviet Backfire bombers out of the next arms pact with the Soviets. Vance said Carter didn't mean that; Carter said he did.

The greatest source of confusion has been the administration's statements on human rights, especially in the Soviet bloc. The State Department made a strong statement about persecution in Czechoslovakia. A milder statement followed in defense of Soviet dissident Andrei Sakharov. After the Soviet government complained, Carter and Vance quickly made it clear the statement was not authorized by either of them. They endorsed the principle of speaking out against injustice, but Vance promised the United States would not be "strident or polemical" about it, nor would it comment more than "from time to time."

The American press and the Soviet dissident community interpreted this behavior, naturally enough, as a case of wilting when the bully frowns. Whether or not Carter thought he was being "tested" by the Soviet Union—he says he did not think so—the Soviets seem to have been taking his measure. They expelled Russian-speaking AP correspondent George Krimsky, who had extensive contacts in the dissident community, and jailed dissenter Aleksandr Ginsburg, a victim of lung ailments that may endanger his life. The administration, beginning to get its act together, expelled a Tass correspondent from Washington and protested the Ginsburg arrest. The White House announced Carter is willing to meet dissenter Vladimir Bukovsky. A meeting with Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn is rumored.

However chaotic, all this activity nevertheless is an improvement over the performance of the Lone Ranger and his presidential Tonto. But there is a kicker in it that we do not at all approve: Carter and Vance have served notice that their protests are *only talk*. Both of them, in press conferences, have said there is no "linkage" between US human rights statements and any other phase of US-Soviet relations. Carter said he had told the Soviets he reserved the right to speak out

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"strongly and forcefully" on human rights, but added, "I think this can be legitimately severed" from weapons and other negotiations.

"This is not intended as a public relations attack on the Soviet Union," Carter said and, we are sad to say, we believe him. Instead, it smacks of a public relations number being done on the voters of the United States, a painless fulfillment of a Carter campaign promise that makes Americans feel good, but doesn't accomplish much. What are the Russians to think? How can they help but believe, when they lock up the next dissenter, that the United States may scream, but that the noise will be lost in the wind?

Carter said, "I can't go in with armed forces and try to change the internal mechinism of the Soviet government." But there are other things he could do. He could tie Soviet human rights behavior to US trade, which the Soviets want. Most of all, he could leave doubt in their minds about just what their human-rights violations must cost them in good relations with the United States. Carter has thrown some good cards away. If he was being tested by the Soviets, we think he earned no more than a C-plus.

Warnke's Scalp

Carter's nomination of Paul Warnke to be head of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency and chief SALT negotiator is being interpreted as another weak signal to the Soviets, but we disagree. On this, we give Carter an A, and we hope his defense of the nomination merits the same. Warnke, far from being namby-pamby, is a strong advocate of a point of view on weaponry that is strategically prudent and ethically compelling.In contrast to those who insist we have to automatically increase the defense budget to show the Soviets we mean business, Warnke believes that we should buy what we need to accomplish our own objectives. He does oppose the B-1 bomber, the MX missile, the Trident submarine and more aircraft carriers—not because he is a unilateral disarmer, as charged, but because there are cheaper and better ways to protect national security. The very same philosophy is expressed by Carter's nominee to head the CIA, Admiral Stansfield Turner, whose selection is being cheered by many of the same people who want to sink Warnke.

The bitterest attacks on Warnke originate from a cluster of hardliners who failed to get Sen. Henry Jackson elected President and so far have failed to get any of their own number appointed to foreign policy jobs in the administration. There are plenty of positions in the administration suitable for a representative of the feisty Jacksonites. The post of chief arms control negotiator should be reserved for someone who's in favor of it.

One "reform" leads to another, but should it?

Money for Campaigns

A short time ago, a distinguished-looking man named Tom McCoy arrived at my office in an agitated state. McCoy, normally outfitted in a good humor and grey suits these days, is a man about Washington. He is known as a fellow able to raise a few bucks in campaign contributions for aspiring politicians, and he has plied that trade on behalf of people like former Governor Daniel Walker of Illinois, Rhode Island's Senator Claiborne Pell, former Indiana Senator Vance Hartke, Governor Jay Rockefeller of West Virginia, Senator Dick Clark of Iowa—and so forth. What is causing friend McCoy's present consternation, and what brought him by my office, is that he is picking a bone with John Gardner and other high pooh-bahs of this town and he was out shopping for an ally. Gardner, as you may know, heads up a "citizens lobby" known as Common Cause. He is an important figure in Washington because, as the columnist Mary McGrory says, "What Common Cause says should happen often does." What Gardner, Common Cause and others are onto right now is an idea whose time, they figure, has come. What they say should happen is that last year's method of financing presidential elections with public monies, Federal Elections Commission and all, should be extended to next year's congressional elections and ever hence. Tom McCoy is not so sure.

To Gardner, whose group had a strong hand in shaping last year's law, public financing of presidential elections was nothing short of a "quiet revolution." "It is hard to believe," he says, "that just four years ago, the presidential race involved money-raising methods that approached extortion, money-stuffed satchels passed by shadowy figures, the selling of ambassadorships and many downright criminal actitivies. This time, tens of millions of Americans took the game away from the fat cats and paid for the campaigns themselves through the one dollar check-off on their tax returns."

Gardner contends that *the law* enabled an almost unknown peanut farmer and ex-governor to win the Democratic nomination, and *the law* caused an incumbent president to come close to losing the nomination of his own party and to become the first incumbent to be defeated in a general election in 44 years. Now set aside for a moment the oversimplification of these assertions. Forget also that if Jimmy Carter actually had a fraction that much to learn from Gerald Ford's experience, future federal financing would be a dead duck indeed. What is important in the context of the present debate is that John Gardner and his allies are engaged in a serious job of public relations, they have powerful sway over public and congressional opinion, and they are selling one commodity by promoting the virtues of another.

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Correspondence

England arise

To the editors:

It is not usual to challenge a book review unless one has a direct interest in the book itself. I do not have such an interest, but in his review of Sir Harold Wilson's book *The Governance of Britian* (*TNR*, Jan. 29) Mr. Russell Warren Howe passes such sorely misinformed judgments on the United Kingdom that I feel your readers should see them corrected.

Mr. Howe talks of a morbid political crisis, of a search for a dictator, a weary symbiosis of fascism and communism, Scottish and Welsh independence. No one denies that Great Britain has economic problems, though there have recently been striking examples of international confidence that we are overcoming them. But there is no political crisis; parliamentary government with an active opposition flourishes effectively. Nor is there a political crisis outside Parliament. In the face of economic difficulties the government has asked for and has received the willing and law abiding cooperation of all sections of society in accepting economic sacrifices expressed in severe wage restraints, to deal with problems of inflation—nearly halved in the last year, and industrial regeneration—being tackled vigorously. Of fascism and communism there is no sign. Neither philosophy is represented in any of our public institutions: nor can one find effective organizations outside those institutions devoted to those creeds. The British genius for compromise is not needed for any symbiosis of the two creeds. Nor is it looking for a dictator. One-man republicanism passed away 300 years ago; no one has been tempted to repeat the experiment, no one is suggesting it today. On Scotland and Wales Mr. Howe mistakes a desire for devolution, recognised by the government in a bill now before the House of Commons, for separatism and independence. Recent opinion polls show that while the overwhelming majority of the Scots support a greater degree of self government they remain equally opposed to independence. Our Kingdom will remain United.

By implication Mr. Howe writes Britain off. The ever quickening pace in the exploitation of our energy resources, our proven ability to make sacrifices to meet our economic difficulties and the government's plans for the regeneration or our industrial base will I am sure show that Mr. Howe is joining the line of false prophets.

R. A. Fyjis-Walker
British Embassy
Washington, DC

In reply:

I did not say authoritarianism already existed in Britain. I quoted sober commentators as "envisaging" that as a future, sad sequel to the present mess. It is true that British government policy in Scotland and Wales does not go beyond "devolution"—internal self-government. But we seem to have heard that one before, from Ireland to the Seychelles.

Russell Warren Howe

Out of this world

To the editors:

Carl Sagan's article ("In Praise of Science and Technology" *TNR*, Jan. 22) lucidly reminds readers of the importance of new ideas in science and technology in shaping the future of society. One such idea he refers to is Gerard O'Neill's proposal for self-propogating space communities constructed from non-terrestrial materials, a program whose minimum price tag, according to Sagan, would be that of the Vietnam War.

A 1976 NASA study suggests that the investment may be many times less than that, and other studies are showing that satellite solar power stations, manufactured from easily retrievable lunar and asteroidal materials, could supply the Earth, by microwave relay, with large qualities of continuous electricity in economic competition with existing energy sources. Gone would be the environmental horrors of nuclear and coal power, dependence on foreign oil, rationing of natural gas and doomsday employment and economy reports.

The total initial investment for self-sufficiency in space would be much less than the several hundred billion dollars which are earmarked for new nuclear and coal plant construction in the United States between now and the turn of the century, even under the strictest of energy conservation plans. No esoteric technologies are required and power satellite construction could begin on a large scale during the 1990s.

To acquire the needed confidence in these estimates, the Carter administration will need to take a serious look at this concept beyond the limited scope of current studies. A few million dollars of research and communication invested in this potentially vital energy option, over the next few years, would go a long way in forming the basis for larger decisions. It would seem extraordinarily short-sighted to pass up such an opportunity where the stakes may be no less than the survival of the race. Humans are rapidly depleting energy resources in the Earth. There may be no alternative but to tap the abundant store of energy and materials available to us in space.

Brian O'Leary
Princeton University

(continued on page 34)

Calder

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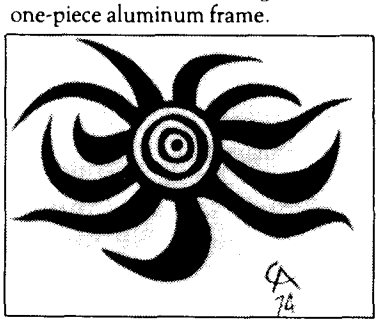

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The current plans for federal financing of congressional elections provide either for federal dollars to match private contributions (like the scheme used in the presidential primaries) or for lump-sum grants to each candidate (like those given to Ford and Carter for the general election). Either way there are problems.

For example, in certifying the 15 presidential candidates who qualified for matching funds last year the Federal Elections Commission employed up to 150 auditors. Political money may have escaped careful accounting for too long, but consider the bureaucracy that would necessarily be involved in accurately auditing and matching the contributions of at least 1000 congressional candidates in a campaign period that spans only a few months, or, in some instances, weeks. That bureaucracy would be avoided by using block grants instead of matching funds—give, say, $30,000 or $40,000 to each nominee of a major party for a House seat (more for the Senate, of course). What about independent or third party candidates? They would not be at the receiving end of Gardner's largesse.

Proponents of federal funding claim it will make congressional races more competitive—a laudible goal, indeed. As the safest bets for reelection, incumbents consistently attract more money, and substantially more special-interest money, than their opponents. The objective seems to be to provide a "floor" of federal money as an equalizer at the starting gate. But of the 435 House seats, no more than 50 to 75 are won with less than 55 percent of the vote in each general election. The rest are safe seats, one-party districts and gerrymandered to remain so, or potentially competitive districts in the temporary hold of an incumbent who suits his constituents.

Until the power to draw district lines is removed from the purview of the two parties, or until retirement becomes mandatory after three or five terms in office, neither block grants nor matching funds will make congressional elections genuinely competitive. New York, for example, is by most standards a two-party state, yet 80 percent of its congressional seats are safely in the hands of one party or the other. Providing their general election opposition with $40,000 in start up capital will not much interfere with the prospects for reelecting representatives like Joseph Addabbo, Benjamin Rosenthal, Edward Koch, Elizabeth Holtzman, Shirley Chisholm, Charles Rangel, Herman Badillo or Sam Stratton. These members hold their seats as long as they are renominated, no matter how much of the public's money is invested on behalf of their opponents. In short, because their districts are reliably one-party, they can be beaten only in a primary. And it is conventional wisdom that the House of Representatives—dominated, as it is, by safe-seat holders—will pass no bill that includes the federal funding of congressional primaries.

Democracy probably is in better health when the right to govern is not already settled before the polls open, but the truth is that even granting the questionable assumption that if it was federal money that made last year's presidential campaign more competitive than usual, no system with any chance of passing could have a comparable effect on Congress. But any such "reform" obviously will drive up the cost of politics, especially for the public.

Part of the campaign to extend public financing to congressional elections includes some high-flung rhetoric, much of it directed at Congress itself, and that also bothers Tom McCoy. Consider the following statements from one paragraph of a recent article by John Gardner: "Congress took the presidency off the auction block, but rejected public financing for itself because the reform would have done too much to even up the relative positions of incumbents and challengers . . . . Result: A lot of congressman were bought and sold in 1976, just like the good old days, except the going rates were higher . . . . The money-heavy special interests couldn't buy themselves a President so they tried to buy as many members of Congress as they could." Now, even if you agree with Gardner's general point, this is strong language from a normally responsible citizen. As McCoy puts it, "The way John Gardner talks, Congress is nothing more than a vending machine—you put in your money and you get out your law. When he talks about congressmen being bought and sold, John Gardner should be called upon to name names—which congressmen and by whom?"

Herbert Alexander, director of the Citizens Research Foundation and the country's most experienced expert on money and politics, agrees: "I don't know why members of Congress sit by and listen to Gardner talk about the auction block. They ought to be offended." Well, at least they're curious. Congress just paid the pollster Lou Harris $58,000 in public money to find out why the institution is in such bad odor these days. Unsubstantiated allegations of the sort noted above from the likes of John Gardner must contribute something to Congress's unflattering image, at least among the several thousand good citizens who faithfully pay their dues to Common Cause each year, not to mention the millions more who find his allegations reprinted in community newspapers all over America, and who conclude that Gardner must have the facts to back them up. If he can itemize his innuendos, he ought to just come forward and do so.

There also are some assertions bandied about concerning the alleged popularity of federal financing of elections. But there is a perfectly objective barometer of public opinion on this issue that merits some notice. For the past two years, American taxpayers could indicate to the IRS on line 8 of Form 1040 whether they wanted $1 ($2 on a joint return) of their tax payments to help pay for presidential elections. The form contained assurances that either way it would cost no more in taxes, nor affect the size of any refund.

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On the 1974 returns, 24 percent said yes, 42 percent said no and the balance didn't bother checking either box. Last year, it was 26 percent yes, 44 percent no.

In other words, federal financing of elections may not be an idea whose time has come. If the Congress is serious about polls, it will take notice of the one conducted free each year by the IRS. As our journeyman friend McCoy gets into the ring with the likes of John Gardner, the income-tax checkoff results should be the most useful ally he can find.

Ken Bode

Neutrality's tricky, but sachertortes and international organizations are a great comfort.

Aging Gracefully

Vienna

"Ours is a small country," explains a foreign service officer with a disarming smile and the name of a general who fought Napoleon. He is fending off a charge of poor maintenance at Ballshausplatz, once a seat of global influence. "We are content with just being alive."

"Just being alive" is disingenuous, for Austrians live well. In their towns and villages, there is an abundance of Oriental carpets, color TV sets and traffic jams. The food is rich—if dull and greasy. The wines are good and cheap. The desserts are invariably magnificent: sachertorte and maronitorte, marzipan and hazelnut puree—and always whipped cream, plenty of whipped cream.

"Just being alive" means independence, wrested from the Russians whose occupation forces left in 1955. Independence means neutrality—"active neutrality" is the official phrase. The Republic of Austria maintains friendship with the West, scrupulously correct relations with communist neighbors to the east, "compassionate neutrality" between Arab and Israeli, and increasingly active contacts with the third world.

Active neutrality means agents and transients of all types. Vienna is a refugee transit camp, an international trade center and Spy City.

Austria is a great power when it comes to tourism. Its expensive hotels—and they are very expensive—are booked solid with North Americans, West Germans, Japanese and Scandinavians. In the winter, every little mountain village doubles as a ski resort. Then there are busloads and busloads of Hungarians and Yugoslavs, Czechs and Poles marveling at what this eastern outpost of Western Europe offers in consumer goods and Western culture.

Vienna is a city of old people. They fill the many benches in the parks and along the tree-lined boulevards. They are delighted to find a German-speaking tourist from Zagreb or Bratislava, Debrecen or Wroclaw. They talk about the sweet serenity of the days before those shots were fired in Sarajevo. They declare that there would not have been a Hitler—and perhaps not even a Stalin—had the monarchy been allowed to live. Slovaks and Slovenes, Hungarians and Czechs are puzzled. They were born in states that rose out of the ashes of the empire. They have always taken it for granted that the Hapsburgs were dethroned the way the Bourbons, the Romanovs and the Ottoman sultans were: the people didn't want kings, and subject nationalities didn't want to be ruled by foreigners. The old men on the benches say they don't want to reopen arguments over the narrowness of nationalism and the glory of imperial unity. They sigh, and they ponder the ignorance of the young and the unfairness of history. Didn't Austria pursue the course of peace-making for centuries—by acting as a counterweight in conflicts between Turkey and England, Russia and Prussia, Italy and France? And the erstwhile valedictorians look longingly at statues of the prolific mother, Maria Theresa, who saved the empire from the Prussians; of the intellectual Josef II who sought to rescue it from the French revolution; and of the beloved old gentleman Franz Josef who led it into ruin.

The empire survives in the so-called Wiener Schnitzel (originally from the North Italian provinces), the goulash (with less potent paprika than in its native Hungary) and the strong black coffee (first imported by Turks stranded in Vienna during one of the wars between Emperor and Sultan). And it survives in the names of many Austrians that retain the consonantal crowding of Slavic languages or the ultimate "y" of Hungarian nobility. But the power and the splendor of seven centuries are no more—as irretrievable as youth itself.

There are smart young technocrats and ambitious middle-aged bureaucrats who would like to be international civil servants. They are soft-spoken, cautiously liberal and exceedingly circumspect. They prefer to talk about commodity price structures and the intricacies of growth curves than politics. They take quiet pride in the fame of Kurt Waldheim and Bruno Kreisky, and they ask visitors what they think of Kreisky's contention that there is a renascence of small states in world politics.

There is some talk (the idle chatter of cafe houses, not whispers from high officials) about attracting Jews—Jews who might follow in the footsteps of Sigmund Freud, Arthur Schnitzler, Arnold Schoenberg. But how do you attract Jews to the country where Hitler was born and which insists to this day in a tone that permits no contradiction that it was only a victim, never a partner, of Hitler's aggression?

The practical, concrete ambition is that more international organizations—if not the UN itself—will transfer their headquarters to this beautiful city by the Danube. The International Atomic Energy Agency was

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the first, in the 1950s, and the UN Industrial Development Organization set up house here a few years ago. OPEC is the biggest catch—and the closest thing to Metternich's Congress of Vienna. Another enterprise of great promise is United Nations City, intended to house a collection of spin-offs, now under construction. It will cost up to one billion dollars, to be borne by the government of Austria and the city of Vienna. Many Austrians see the international presence, rather than NATO, as their protector from the Russians.

The motto of "Bend Not Break" is heard here so often that it sounds like a prayer. Over capucino and Mozart chocolates, a writer who could have been a younger brother to Stefan Zweig expounded on how the Russians must not be challenged publicly but educated quietly in the hope that they will produce their own successful rebels. "It is the misfortune of the West—and particularly Eastern Europe which would like to sneak back to the Western fold—that it is the Russians who first adopted communism and that of all the countries of Europe, it is the Russian state that has taken up the banner of social justice. What an irony it is that the Russians pledge to correct the injustices of feudalism and capitalism and imperialism—the Russians who never had a Renaissance, did not go through a Reformation and who didn't give birth to an Erasmus or a Goethe. It is our tragedy that Russia has remained untouched by humanism."

So the old men sipping new wine under the grape arbors of Heiligenstadt or ensconced in their biedermeier armchairs are hopeful—cautiously hopeful, as always—that their country will find ways to balance the might of the latest barbarian empire as well.

Charles Fenyvesi

Charles Fenyvesi is a Washington writer.

It's not what you know.

The Junior Varsity

It is in many ways another government unto itself, largely unknown and unaccountable, with potential power far greater than its nominal authority. Behind the more familiar cabinet figures of Vance and Brzezinski, Brown and Blumenthal, a thick second echelon of appointed officials now is pretty much in place. They will proceed to write the memoranda, shade the briefings, bargain with the bureaucrats, manipulate the varying doubts, prejudices and ignorance of their superiors, and in the process quietly shape much of the Carter administration's foreign and defense policies.

Like their predecessors whose names speckle the Pentagon Papers—the William Bundys and the John McNaughtons—they are men who often can make the difference between folly and achievement, between deception and honesty. And like their present cabinet bosses in the Carter regime, some among this establishment junior varsity can and almost certainly will succeed to the highest positions in a future Democratic administration, whatever their record in the next few years. Taken together, they are a profile of how we are likely to be governed in national-security matters for some time to come.

Most of the Carter subcabinet positions in national security have been filled using traditional criteria, which is to say that organizational politics and establishment nepotism weighed more heavily than intellect or independence. At the State Department, Vance has chosen as an unthreatening deputy another affluent lawyer he knew from the Johnson administration, Warren Christopher, whose foreign-policy experience is limited to some minor textile negotiations in the early 1960s and whatever he may have absorbed from clients in his prestigious Los Angeles law firm of O'Melveny & Meyers. By similar convention, Charles Duncan was simply bequeathed to Harold Brown as Deputy Secretary of Defense by President Carter himself. A wealthy conservative Southerner, educated in the far flung foreign policies of Coca Cola, Duncan meets the standards of political reliability that the Joint Chiefs, and thus presidents, usually prefer in the number-two job at the Pentagon.

Both Christopher and Brown, and even the men beneath them, will have much more power in strategic issues than Paul Warnke, the former Johnson Pentagon official whose nomination to head the SALT negotiating team as Director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency has stirred right-wing opposition in the Congress. The controversy has seemed to vindicate the essential politics of the Warnke appointment, as Carter's apparent bow to the liberals. But the distinction is only relative. That Warnke—sensitive and thoughtful but also very much a team player in the Johnson years and a discreet Washington attorney of only modestly progressive views since then—should now be the "left" of the Carter administration's foreign policy is striking evidence of the character of the new regime and of current congressional politics on these issues.

At the next layer are clusters of officials whose positioning has been similarly a matter of ritual. What never appears in the bland announcement of names are the crucial establishment incest, back-scratching, and general fast shuffling that lie behind it all. Now watch carefully. Matthew Nimetz, former Johnson aide, reportedly brilliant but with no foreign-policy expertise, appears as Vance's counselor because he also happened to be Vance's law partner. Anthony Lake, the new director of policy planning, is a former foreign-

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service officer who worked with Vance in the abortive 1972 Muskie campaign. In exile, Lake has been director of International Voluntary Services, a job he got with the backing of IVS-board-members Warnke and close-friend Richard Holbrooke, the new Assistant Secretary of State for East Asia, who in turn had become editor of *Foreign Policy* magazine after Lake had turned down the job and recommended Holbrooke. It goes on, folks. Richard Moose, the new Undersecretary of State for Management, who comes there as a former FSO and Senate Foreign Relations Committee staff aide with practically no administrative experience beyond a small office, was the protege of Benjamin Read, who was Dean Rusk's loyal executive secretary and special assistant for Vietnam policy.

State's Bureau of Political-Military Affairs will be directed by Leslie Gelb, former *New York Times* reporter, who worked for Warnke in the Johnson Pentagon, and who has co-authored several articles with Lake, some of them in Holbrooke's *Foreign Policy*. Now to be one of Andrew Young's deputies at the United Nations, Don McHenry was a token black State Department aide through the first Nixon administration; he knew Lake and Holbrook when they were all working at the same Carnegie Endowment offices with Read, who as president of the German Marshall Fund had tried unsuccessfully to hire Moose as his vice president. Also on the Carnegie payroll was William Maynes, former foreign service officer and the new Assistant Secretary for International Organization Affairs, who knew well Lake, Holbrooke, Read, McHenry, *et al.*

The pattern of hold-over career officials is no less revealing. Vance's executive secretary, a key position, will be foreign service officer C. Arthur Borg, who is not just any able FSO but Dean Rusk's former special assistant. Heading the State Department's Intelligence and Research division will be Harold Saunders, a former CIA and NSC bureaucrat who has survived both the Johnson and Nixon regimes with the esteem of his former colleagues who are now reappearing on the scene. Deputy Undersecretary of State for Political Affairs, the highest career post in the Department, will be Philip Habib, former press officer in Saigon, friend of Lake, Borg, *et. al.*, colleague of Holbrooke at the first Paris peace talks, etc. The remaining Assistant Secretary for European Affairs will be Arthur Hartman, who used to work for Rusk's deputy, Nicholas Katzenbach, for whom in turn Lake and Holbrooke both also worked.

The trail cools a little, but only a little, outside Foggy Bottom. At Treasury, Michael Blumenthal has hired as an Assistant Secretary for International Economic Affairs C. Fred Bergston, a former State Department economist and Kissinger aide from Brookings, a frequent contributor to *Foreign Policy* and known well and favorably by the establishment. To oversee monetary policy at Treasury will be Anthony Solomon, a former Assistant Secretary of State for Economic Affairs under Rusk. At the National Security Council, Brzezinski's deputy will be David Aaron, a former FSO and aide to John McCloy who became then-Senator Walter Mondale's foreign-policy assistant, partly on the recommendation of Holbrooke and Lake. A number of Kissinger holdovers remain under Aaron but there also will be more new faces proportionately than anywhere else in foreign policy. These include Jessica Tuchman, the historian's accomplished daughter, and Robert Pastor, and impressive young Latin American specialist from Harvard. The other potentially brighter spot is the Pentagon's critical Bureau of International Security Affairs, where the Assistant Secretary's job is still vacant, but in line for the next rank of positions are competent men who are somewhat less entwined in the old boy network, including Walter Slocombe, a former Kissinger aide and Washington tax attorney, and James Woolsey, another Washington lawyer who was staff director for the Senate Armed Services Committee under John Stennis.

There is a handful of comparative outsiders: Richard Cooper, a Yale economist to be Undersecretary of State for Economic Affairs; Joseph Nye, a Harvard professor to head a special office (with little bureaucratic clout) on nonproliferation. But it is, almost inevitably, a group with little diversity. Corporate clients, law office and foundation politics, past government service, homogenized articles: it is a world not of the innovator, the reflective, or even the politician occasionally in touch with the grass roots, but rather of the Washington hanger-on. Lake, who left Kissinger's NSC staff at the invasion of Cambodia, is the *only* man in the group with a record of resignation on principle. There are, moreover, some serious questions of basic qualifications. In addition to Moose's miscasting in management, Holbrooke, albeit an enterprising editor and Carter campaign aide, takes over the East Asian bureau with almost no credentials beyond brief service concerned with Vietnam. This resume offers a bleak comparison to that of an experienced Asian expert like Harvard's James Thompson, who broke with Vietnam policy honorably and early, and who knows thoroughly the history and politics of what ought to be the centerpiece of our Asian policy: China and Japan. Thompson is only one of many gifted, sophisticated men and women who are absent from these important second ranks, principally, one suspects, because they knew everything but the art of not offending the right people.

It is also instructive (and depressing) to recall just where many of these same men were precisely seven or eight years ago under the supposedly very different Johnson and Nixon regimes. Lake, Bergston, Slocombe, Saunders, Cooper were working for Kissinger in various capacities. McHenry was an assistant to William Rogers. Aaron, Maynes, Habib, Borg and Holbrooke were in the unquestioning career of-

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ficialdom.

So in foreign affairs it will be mostly a government of patrons and proteges, and in too large a measure it will be dull, in more than one sense of that word. With few exceptions, they are not the best and the brightest any more than their predecessors were in the 1960s. They are simply the most available.

Suetonius

White House Watch
A Plus for Carter

Moments after 2:30 pm on February 8, I began to feel for the first time since inauguration day that we have a functioning President and that we are likely to have a good one in the person of Jimmy Carter.

It's no great trick for Presidents to appear to be assured and commanding figures at their press conferences. The televised variety, especially, puts the President in a situation and posture of command over a mob of squawling and pleading ninnies, the reporters who are competing for his nod, and only a really abysmal performance can make the central character come off badly. Even so, such diverse Presidents as Dwight D. Eisenhower, Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon were at less than their best at some of their press conferences. Johnson and Nixon looked to be and were miserable and at their worst at some of their's. So the fact that Mr. Carter in his first such performance as President appeared to be happy with himself, at ease with his questioners, and adept in most of his answers augured well for him and for his presidency.

There were bobbles. His reply to a question about Gerald Ford's decision last October to sell a dreadful weapon called the concussion bomb to Israel was somewhat misleading. His statement that the decision "was not cleared with the State Department nor with the Defense Department" distorted the record. Both departments had previously reviewed the matter and had told the President that they opposed the export of concussion bombs to any country. Mr. Ford didn't refer the specific question of export to Israel back to them, but he knew that they were against it. Mr. Carter let Sarah McClendon, a correspondent whose only national audience is the one that Presidents provide her when they recognize her at press conferences, get away with pillorying Douglas C. Robinson, a Washington lawyer and energy specialist, for "transgressions" that Robinson's White House boss, James Schlesinger, evidently thinks he never committed. President John F. Kennedy treated Ms. McClendon's public smear of two foreign service officers at one of his press conferences with the cold contempt that it deserved. President Carter greeted her attack on Robinson with a courteous smile and a promise to "check on it after this press conference." Two days later, Robinson was still a Schlesinger consultant stationed at the Federal Energy Administration, where he was deputy general counsel before he quit to campaign for Jimmy Carter.

Seven of the 15 questions put to President Carter in 30 minutes dealt with US-Soviet relations and strategic arms negotiations. Apart from his pretense that official American criticisms of Soviet abuses of human rights can be effectively separated from other aspects of the relationship, a fatuity that is discussed elsewhere in this issue, the President's unprecedented public delineation of his basic arms positions seemed to me to be bold and constructive.

His positions also recalled some interesting history. His suggestion that the Soviet government join the US in an agreement to stop developing and deploying mobile, land-based missiles, which severely complicate the problems of detection, echoed a view that Henry Kissinger stated privately during Richard Nixon's Moscow visit in 1972. Kissinger told a group of reporters that any Soviet move to develop and deploy mobile missiles would be regarded by the US as a gross violation of the spirit of the first SALT agreement that he, Nixon and Brezhnev had just concluded. It was generally noted that the President's proposal to postpone negotiations of the difficult questions raised by the Soviets' Backfire bomber and the US cruise missile, and extend the overall limitations agreed upon by President Ford and Brezhnev at Vladivostok, was put to the Soviet government and rejected by it in February 1976. Two facets of the 1975-76 arms negotiations are less widely known. Some participants in these negotiations are convinced that Henry Kissinger never expected the Soviets to agree to postpone the Backfire and cruise negotiations and deliberately shot the proposal down by leaking his doubt of its prospects to the press, thus causing Soviet officials to assume that it was not a serious US proposal. It was indeed a serious suggestion, so far as President Ford was concerned, and its rejection deeply disappointed him. Until Kissinger lost his enthusiasm for any SALT agreement in 1976, in the belief that any attainable agreement would subject him and the President to savage and politically damaging attack before the 1976 election, he and Gerald Ford wanted to go much farther than the public then knew in granting the concessions demanded then and now by the Soviet Union. The President and the Secretary of State were ready to accept Soviet assurances that the Backfire bomber didn't have the range necessary for bombing the United States, and therefore were ready to exclude the Backfire fleet at least in part from the maximum number of nuclear carriers (2400) agreed upon at Vladivostok. Kissinger and Ford also were prepared to limit the range of the developing US cruise missile to the 600 kilometres (about 300 miles) demanded by the Soviet Union.

Presidents are seldom or never in total command on

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such matters. President Ford and his Secretary of State were fiercely opposed on both points by Fred Ikle, then administrator of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency; the Joint Chiefs of Staff; and Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld. Ikle was the fiercest opponent of all and he probably would have been fired if Ford had won the election. Unwilling and afraid to make such politically explosive concessions without unanimous support from all the military and civilian agencies involved, Ford and Kissinger backed down and never made the offer that almost certainly would have brought about a SALT II agreement last year.

Sucker though I am for presidential pageantry, I was impressed when President Carter suddenly and quietly walked onto the conference platform without the customary and sonorous, "Ladies and Gentlemen, the President of the United States!" He was halfway to the microphone before reporters in the front rows realized that he'd arrived and stood in the usual salute (a show of deference that he did not object to).

Two other moves to deflate the office were announced, one by him at his second cabinet meeting and the other to the White House press corps by Press Secretary Jody Powell. According to Deputy Press Secretary Rex Granum, who reported on the cabinet meeting, President Carter "said that he wanted persons who were going to be visiting as heads of state, and other dignitaries, to know that what he referred to as 'enormous military displays' will be drastically reduced." In fact the traditional greeting on the South Lawn of the White House with honor guard, military band and artillery salute has never been all that enormous, and I have yet to discern a sign of displeasure on the faces of greeted dignitaries. Nobody had a chance or the wit to ask the President at his press conference whether he will accept such honors when he visits foreign capitals. Granum's account of another deflationary discussion at the meeting belongs to history and is herewith quoted in full:

"Limousines. Attorney General Bell told the cabinet that FBI Director Kelley had notified him of the FBI director's decision to dispose of three armored limousines. These are not leased by the FBI but are owned outright by the FBI. The FBI director wrote the Attorney General in a memo that they could either be stripped of the armor and sold, or they might be better used in another department. The Attorney General then suggested to the Vice President, who was sitting to his right, that they 'be transferred to the Vice President and let him assign them to the cabinet officer most in trouble with the public.' The Vice President responded, 'How many do they have?' The Attorney General: 'Three.' The Vice President: 'We will need a lot more than that.'"

Question: "Was there laughter?"

Granum: "Laughter did follow, yes."

Powell announced that President Carter wishes "to reserve his right to go to places [in Washington] for strictly personal or family reasons without prior announcement" and, Powell also said, without the small "pool" of reporters and photographers that journalists who take their function more seriously than I do consider to be their sacred right. The resultant uproar inspired a memorable response from Jody Powell: "I think it is correct to say of the two institutions represented here—government on the one hand and press on the other—that we have a common failing—that is, too often identifying our own interests with the public interest."

The loose, officially chiefless White House staff system that the President and his senior assistants profess to have created appears to be working better than I thought possible, even in the short run. However, the discovery of a rather odd fact nourished doubt that it can continue to work well for very long without firmer control than the President so far has allowed anyone to exercise on his behalf. Two of the seven members of his senior staff said that the President has laid down a rule that copies of every substantive written communication addressed to him, whether from within the White House establishment or from departments and agencies, *must* be distributed to every senior assistant for any comments that he or she cares to make. This practice, I was told, assures adequate coordination among people who for the most part have been working for Jimmy Carter and with each other for at least two years and in some instances much longer. At the top, it's a "we'uns" staff if there ever was one.

Now here is the oddity. The 24-year-old staff secretary, Rick Hutcheson, who monitors the flow of paper to and from the President, said that there is no such rule. Hutcheson said that who gets copies of which communications to and from the President "is up to me." Granted, he said, he takes care at this stage to make certain that every senior assistant with a logical interest in a communication to or from the President sees a copy of it and has a chance to comment. But that determination, he repeats in a tone that befits his reputation for toughness and self-confidence, is his to make. The difference between his understanding and the understanding of the two assistants who were previously quoted may seem to be petty stuff. It isn't. It indicates the sort of confusion that can make serious trouble for any President.

John Osborne

COMING

Maius Bergman on

Dissent in Czechoslovakia

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The same mess, but none of the stigma.

Unemployment Comp is Middle-Class Welfare

When the jet stream wandered off course this winter and buried Buffalo in an avalanche of snow, it also put about 1.8 million people out of work. According to the Library of Congress, that's how many were sent home from work when factories, offices, stores and schools closed in this abnormal cold to save natural gas. The season has been cruel, not least of all to Jimmy Carter, who had hoped to launch a battery of government reform projects early this year. When the economy stalls everything else is put aside while the government tries to restart the engine. It will be particularly difficult to make humane reforms in programs that support the poor—welfare, as they're called—if the middle class is in dire straits.

Although the forecasters predict that the economy will not suffer a deep reversal this year, the weather has served to remind us that our present comfort may be blown away by sudden changes over which we have no control, for instance God or OPEC. The recession mentality still rules. An ugly side effect is that it makes people especially suspicious of the way the government dispenses charity. In the last few years the news was full of stories about welfare and food-stamp cheats and chiseling doctors who defrauded the Medicaid program. Politicians seized the opportunity, launched investigations into welfare abuse and set the bureaucracy to work hunting down violators. In President Ford's last budget, the Department of Health Education and Welfare asked for 110 new auditing jobs in its inspector general's office and 328 other positions to help in "detecting and preventing program fraud and abuse." It expects to spend $176 million chasing down delinquent fathers whose children are receiving federal welfare.

Jimmy Carter ran for President on a pledge to clean up the mess in Washington, and the mess definitely included welfare. Though he did not put excessive stress on it, he clearly meant people to understand that he would chase out the cheaters and tighten up a leaky system. He expects to follow through on that promise, and has said he will send a welfare plan to Congress this year. A task force headed by former Brookings Institution fellow Henry Aaron is at work on it in the planning office at HEW. It hasn't yet begun to take shape. Let's hope that it doesn't get bogged down in the theoretical debate over work incentives and cheaters that embittered the last round of congressional action on welfare.

Despite their bad press, welfare recipients are no more prone to cheat the government than any other group of citizens, and the amount of money lost to welfare fraud is miniscule when compared to the amount of legitimate aid given to the poor. Where the system does need help is in administration. The structure needs repair and the theories behind it need to be thought through again. But this isn't unique to programs that serve the poor; it's true of most agencies. The welfare system has become a hobgoblin of federal ineptitude, however, because there is no danger in offending its constituents. They are not political activists.

It is instructive, I think, to apply the common complaints about welfare to the unemployment compensation program, and see what happens. What one finds is that since the recession, it has developed into something very much like welfare, with many of the same bureaucratic flaws but none of the stigma. It has blossomed into a new kind of income support for a small category of people—a middle-class welfare of sorts. Yet unemployment insurance still is a respectable program.

People receiving unemployment benefits are thought to have "earned" their checks in a way that welfare recipients have not. This is the fundamental reason the system is thought to have integrity. But as a result of the strain put on it during the recession, this is no longer true. The funding of unemployment insurance changed profoundly and may never revert to the old method. In the past the system was self-sufficient: a tax on employers' payrolls went into various accounts which could be drawn down by state unemployment officials and padded with a limited amount of federal money during an extended crisis. Workers whose employers paid the tax (and most employers now do) could collect the benefits. That worked until the Nixon-Ford recession came along. Then the state funds and federal matching accounts went bankrupt. Congress extended federal unemployment aid on a temporary basis beyond the usual maximum of 39 weeks per person to a new maximum of 65 weeks. These "supplemental benefits" will run out in March; whether they will be extended has not been decided. When the

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federal trust fund went broke, it had to tap directly into Treasury revenues. The system is now in debt about $10 billion, having secured an interest-free loan from the Treasury; about $3.5 billion of that sum is supposed to be repaid by the states.

It's not clear how or when the debt will be repaid. Congress last year raised the tax on employers by about 100 percent to replenish the account and make up the deficit, but it will take some time. Senators Harrison Williams (D, NJ), whose state uses $4 million in federal compensation funds each week, and Jacob Javits (R, NY), whose state uses about $8 million a week, have proposed a bill that would wipe the debt off the books. They also would like to extend the supplemental benefits for another year and have them financed in the future directly out of the Treasury. These proposed changes demonstrate that unemployment benefits are not pure insurance anymore, as most people still believe them to be. The system has become part charity. Like food stamps, aid to families with dependent children (AFDC) and medicaid, unemployment benefits are financed by general tax revenues.

A second flaw is that the system is not designed to prevent fraud. To collect unemployment insurance, you need only prove that you had a job for a certain length of time, lost it and now are looking for work. Because the program is administered entirely by local officials, the test for receiving benefits differs tremendously from state to state and from office to office. There is no federal rule on who should or should not get help and no attempt to keep cheaters off the rolls. The federal government does not know how many chiselers may be in the ranks; that is not its concern. Because the program was conceived as being state-run and self-sufficient, the feds stay out of the way. But there are cheaters.

Last week New York State Senator Roy Goodman—a Republican candidate for mayor of New York City—claimed to have found evidence showing that there are 6900 people on the unemployment rolls who have defrauded the government of $33 million. Goodman said they took the maximum 65 weeks of unemployment benefits, worked for the minimum 20 weeks on a regular job and then took another 65 weeks of benefits. His data were gleaned from state records. That won't provoke much outrage. Because the system is described as a form of insurance, the common attitude is that you should take as much as you can for as long as you can. After all, you earned it. Unlike programs for poor people, unemployment insurance does not require that you exhaust your own sources of income first. On the contrary, as a middle-class program, it is designed to do the opposite—to insure that people temporarily out of work do not have to draw on savings or other liquid assets to keep going.

A third point: the unemployment insurance system, like welfare, is an administrative jungle. Every state has its own method of taxing employers, of setting the duration and the level of benefits and of keeping fraud to a minimum. The complex system by which benefits are "triggered" to go on in a state means that at the moment 27 states are entitled to no supplemental benefits (meaning their unemployed get no more than 39 weeks of help), 10 states get 52 weeks and 14 states get the full 65 weeks. The amount of cash in the weekly benefit also varies widely. For regular unemployment insurance, the maximum given out ranges from a low of $63 a week in Texas to $148 a week in the District of Columbia. Wide variations of this kind are not necessarily bad, but people often complain that the welfare system is an unmanageable mess because it is locally run and similarly riddled with disparities. Critics complain that the high benefits in some cities like New York draw unskilled rural workers away from home and into welfare ghettoes. No one makes that charge about unemployment insurance, or at least not yet.

Like other programs in the welfare state, umemployment comp is not precisely targeted: it helps some people it wasn't intended to help and fails to reach others who need it. The ones who ride free on the system are students, part-time and self-employed people who learn how to satisfy the technical requirements necessary to qualify for benefits, and use the money as an income supplement. Though it takes a different form, this is the same problem that true welfare programs have. And unemployment comp overlaps with other aid programs, something else that welfare programs are often denounced for. A recent study done by Mathematica, Inc. for the Labor Department showed that the overlap is quite large. Among the sample of long-term recipients of unemployment comp, about 34 percent of the whites and 13 percent of other races also received Social Security or some other kind of pension. About 16 percent of whites and 38 percent of other races also used food stamps at some point during the year. These figures are lower than they might have been, because the study concluded that no more than half the people who could have claimed other federal benefits did so. At the same time it should be noted that because of administrative quirks in the system, benefits often are denied to needy areas. For example, even though unemployment may be raging at nine percent in Akron, Ohio, the residents of Akron cannot receive first-class unemployment comp benefits (the year-long variety) because the federal government only recognizes need on a statewide basis. Federal help is "triggered" by the state unemployment figure, and that is lower than Akron's.

The point is not that unemployment insurance should be regarded as welfare and treated as harshly, but rather that welfare recipients have taken an undeserved beating. They served as a scapegoat. All these programs should be seen as part of a single effort to help people who fall on hard times. And the number in this group last year was enormous: 11 million in

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AFDC, 17 million in medicaid, 17 million on food stamps and a steady 4 million on federal unemployment insurance. The list does not include benefits for the disabled and the elderly. Eventually the government will have to come up with a coherent plan to deal with everyone who falls into this category, a plan that also will help these people find a way back out. Simply harassing them, as welfare programs do, or dumping them off the list, as unemployment comp does, will not suffice.

Eliot Marshall

Meanwhile, the US refuses planes to Ecuador.

Russia Arms Peru

By Tad Szulc

The Soviet Union is filling Peru with vast quantities of sophisticated war equipment—everything from advanced supersonic jet aircraft to SAM antiaircraft batteries, tanks, long-range artillery and advisers to go with them. The US does not seem to know what to do about it.

The Carter Administration, like its predecessor, is reluctant to antagonize the Peruvian military government, but agonizes over the implications of the steadily growing build-up of Soviet arms in that South American country. All it has done so far has been to forbid Israel to sell Ecuador, Peru's northern neighbor and bitter antagonist since their 1942 war, 24 jet fighter-bombers with US-built engines. Ecuador asked for the Israeli planes to offset the growth of Peruvian military might.

Since the Carter administration has not yet had time to develop a comprehensive policy on arms sales abroad, the Ecuador move was something of an improvisation. The State Department realizes, of course, that the Ecuadoreans may now turn to European suppliers, quite possibly including the Soviet Union.

The Kfir fighter-bomber, equipped with General Electric J-79 engines, is similar in performance to the new American F-15 fighter-bomber. It is superior to the new Sukhoi-22 fighter-bomber that the Soviet Union is expected to start deliving to Peru in the Spring. The final contract on the sale of 36 SU-22s was signed last December.

(Although the US refused to let Israel sell the Kfirs to Ecuador, it is reportedly considering authorizing Britain to sell the People's Republic of China the Jaguar fighter-bomber which has an American-built Teledyne engine. To do so, of course, would be a major policy decision concerning US relations with the Communist powers, a Carter tilt toward Peking at a time when the Soviet-American relationship is undergoing severe stresses. It also would involve the US in an Asian arms race, along with those in Europe, the Middle East and South America.)

The US argument to Israel was that the introduction of the Kfir in Ecuador would perilously escalate the developing arms race along South America's west coast. But several State Department officials say privately that in making this decision the administration failed to take into account the magnitude and the sophistication of the Soviet-supplied Peruvian military establishment, and the fact that—inevitably—Ecuador will go elsewhere for warplanes.

The Israelis, who are seeking foreign markets for the Kfir, take the view that the Administration has committed a serious error because, as an official said, "it would be better to have an American ally, rather than an adversary or even someone like the French, provide aircraft to Latin America."

The new administration did nothing to halt the recent sale to Chile of 18 F-5E jet fighter-bombers. Chile bought them out of fear of Peru's vast rearmament program (the Chileans know that the Peruvians have not forgotten their defeat in the Pacific War nearly a century ago), and the planes are being delivered now. The Ford Administration was able to authorize the sale to the Chilean dictatorial regime despite a Senate prohibition against arms deliveries to Chile because of a quiet arrangement worked out last summer between the State Department and the Senate majority leadership.

So the US *is* involved in the Andean arms race. Ironically, last year it even provided military equipment to Peru, including an A-37 attack aircraft, a destroyer, a submarine and many armed personnel carriers. The

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declared intention was to assure ourselves of Lima's goodwill and, as a State Department official put it, to "keep our hand in Peru" at a time when the Peruvians were turning to the Soviets for massive arms deliveries.

The first step toward a coherent policy regarding South America may have been taken on February 10, when Secretary of State Cyrus R. Vance met with Peruvian foreign minister Jose de la Fuente. The chances are slim, however, that Peru would break its Soviet connection. As of this week, the administration seems to have no clear notion what to do next.

Meanwhile Peru, in the opinion of US experts, is becoming the first South American country to acquire—thanks to the Soviets—ability to engage in external military action. Cuba, likewise supplied by the Russians, has had that capability in the Caribbean for many years. Soviet arms shipments to Peru are not a new development. As far back as 1973, Peru signed a contract to buy 200 Soviet tanks, a move the US failed to challenge publicly because of its concern over relations with the Lima government. The leftist military regime in power at the time (it was replaced last summer by a more conservative military leadership) had nationalized the mines of the US-owned Marcona company, refusing to pay adequate compensations, and it was threatening to take over the Southern Peru Copper company as well. The policy was not to rock the boat with the Peruvians, in order to protect these investments. By contrast the US was regularly denouncing Communist control in Chile, then under the Allende government, even though the Chileans were buying no Soviet arms. This policy of restraint toward Peru paid off in terms of the corporate interests, because Peru paid compensations for Marcona and left the other copper company alone.

What is new—and disturbing—is the extent and the sophistication of the Soviet effort to arm Peru. According to US intelligence, Peru now has about 400 T-54 and T-55 Soviet medium tanks—and more are coming. It has received large numbers of Soviet 122mm and 130mm long-range artillery guns (the type used by the North Vietnamese, and then by the Egyptians in the 1973 war). The tanks and artillery are landed in small southern Peruvian ports by Soviet vessels. About 30 Soviet military advisers are believed to be stationed in Peru to instruct Peruvians in the use of the armor and artillery.

Most worrisome to US officials is that the deliveries of tanks and heavy guns seem to fit the Soviet doctrine of integrated ground-and-air operations. Thus the armor and artillery are protected by batteries of SZU-23 four-barrel antiaircraft guns of 60mm caliber, controlled by radar. The SZU-23s already have been deployed, and US intelligence believes that SAM-3 surface-to-air missle batteries also are beginning to arrive in Peru. American experts believe that this is part of an integrated air defense system that would move forward with the tanks and artillery as the Egyptians did in the Yom Kippur war.

The SU-22 is to be the mainstay of the Peruvian air force. Meanwhile, the Peruvians have already received 30 Soviet MI-8 helicopters for troop transport. The SU-22 is relatively unknown in the West. Its NATO designation is "Fitter-C" and it is believed to be the export version of the SU-17 fighter-bomber used by the Soviet Air Force. Another version, the SU-20, was used by Syria in the 1973 war. First seen in 1967, this plane flies at slightly more than supersonic speed when unarmed. Its operational range, fully armed, is 373 miles at high altitude. Flying low-level missions, to avoid radar, the SU-22's range is 260 miles. Thus it is a perfect aircraft for close ground support in the context of overall Soviet doctrine.

US intelligence experts expect that the number of Soviet advisers in Peru will grow with the arrival of new equipment, particularly the aircraft. Already, Peruvian pilots and other military specialists are trained in the Soviet Union.

Most American specialists doubt that Peru is preparing to launch an offensive war against either Chile or Ecuador. They remained puzzled, however, about the reaon for this huge build-up, showing considerable and justifiable skepticism over the statements by Gen. Francisco Morales Bermudez, Peru's new president, that in order to modernize the society the armed forces, too, must be modernized.

Soviet intentions in Peru remain just as unclear. Peru is going through an economic crisis, but it is willing to spend money on Soviet equipment. Moscow makes it available on highly attractive terms despite Lima's opposition to communism and its recent deportations of leftist military officers. The State Department suspects Moscow simply has concluded that military regimes are the wave of the future in Latin America, and it is tailoring its policies accordingly.

The new administration's relations with Latin America may become further complicated. There are reports that Cuba, using long-range aircraft planes provided by the Soviets, has landed a 600-man army battallion in Equatorial Guinea on Africa's west coast and some 1500 men in Mozambique. The forces in Mozambique, complementing the units Cuba still keeps in Angola, are believed to be intended for support of black guerrillas in Rhodesia. But it is a mystery to intelligence analysts why Cuban troops are being sent to Equatorial Guinea, which is run by the leftist regime of President Francisco Macias. These reported new Cuban military moves will make it more difficult to improve relations with Washington, although both sides now want this. The Cuban and Peruvian problems—in addition to the still unresolved Panama Canal issue and the mounting dispute with Brazil over her desire to buy West German nuclear power reactors—may make Latin America an early and serious headache for the new Administration.

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Arts & Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on theater

A Couple

Ashes (Anspacher). This is a love song, sung in the language of PC tests, ovulation charts, and sperm counts. Colin and Anne are in their late 20s, live somewhere in the English Midlands, and are trying very hard to have a child. The sex is fine: before we actually see them, we hear them pumping away, and they keep pumping, merrily and even less merrily when they "have to," at doctors' orders. But pregnancy doesn't happen, so, from their privacy, they move into the helpful but cold humiliations of laboratories and examining tables. The details are clinical, but we soon feel that what is propelling and sustaining them through these ordeals, like a prosy Tamino and Pamina, is the strength of their love and their great wish for that love to produce a child.

Of course this process, with its bathing of the balls in cold water, its screwing at the thermometer's behest in the doctor's prescribed position, has its ludicrous aspects; and Colin and Anne know that, in some regards, they have become comedians of coupling. But through the frigid indignities of science and the funny ones of directed sex, there burns a romance. It's helped by the flexible structure of this play: a swift series of short scenes, moving (by suggestion) through many places, with occasional addresses to the audience and with conscious attempts to correlate experience to some understanding of fate and purpose. These latter reflections are not notable for depth but, together with the pulse of the play's movement and the emotional truth of the biological agon, they create an appealing gravity.

That gravity is enhanced by the couple's acceptance of each other, her acceptance of his homoerotic component, their mutual acceptance of their "settling." He had wanted to be a playwright, she an actress; now it's schoolteaching and planting spuds and the hope to be fertile. Then at last the egg weds, the fetus begins. Then, after much (explicit) travail, the fetus is lost. Then there are complications and Anne's womb is removed. Then they decide to adopt a child. Then they are turned down.

So the play is a progress of sheddings: they shed their first hopes for careers, their hopes for a child of their own, for any child. Against this story runs a counterpoint of minor frustrated births: their cat kills a nesting goldfinch, one morning there's even a breakfast egg with a rotted chick in it. The drama is in the commonplace but exacting series of cruelties that make Colin and Anne stand clearer and dearer to each other—through severances.

David Rudkin, the author, has said that there is a great deal in the play that is autobiographical. This and its desperate humor reminded me of Peter Nichols's *A Day in the Death of Joe Egg*, but *Ashes* has a better (though imperfect) structure. Rudkin is 40, has written radio and TV plays, worked on the script of Truffaut's *Fahrenheit 451*, and has written about a half dozen plays. I saw his first play *Afore Night Come* at the Royal Shakespeare in 1962 and was much struck with its conviction of primitiveness persisting today. An itinerant Irishman becomes a fruitpicker in the Midlands, and his sheer strangeness leads to his murder by his co-workers. (Out of the huddled mob at the end came an arm bearing Patrick Magee's head aloft!) Rudkin is half Irish and spent some childhood years in Ireland, and this early play was rooted in a sense of xenophobia.

It continues in *Ashes*. Colin is Irish, a Protestant from Belfast, and is very conscious that he lives (what is to him) abroad. Near the end of the play, after Anne's operation, he goes back to Belfast for the funeral of an uncle who has been killed by a terrorist bomb. When he returns, while Anne drives him home from the airport, he has a long speech in which he describes the pieces of people he saw scattered at a bus stop after a bomb ("atrocious anagrams of people going home") and how his cousins refused to let him help carry his uncle's coffin because they said he was a runaway, not a true Ulsterman. So Colin has had another loss: his country.

After this scene comes a soliloquy for Anne in which she recounts a symbolic nightmare of sterility. Then Colin brings in the letter from the county adoption agency telling them they have been turned down. And there they are at the end, alone, together. Both words have weight; and have meaning even for those of us who haven't suffered precisely the same severances and losses.

But those two concluding monologues are appendages that connect to the body of the play only with some effort on Rudkin's part and some (earned) good will on ours. Patently he wanted to move to a thematic conclusion, but he might have had more reliance on what he had already accomplished: most of what is (thematically) in those two last speeches has already been engraved. Anne's last speech, particularly, is somewhat redundant—included mostly to balance Colin's last speech. Anne throughout is a less complex and surprising character than Colin.

Not by design, surely, the production compensates with a somewhat better performance of Anne than of Colin. Roberta Maxwell is one of the younger actresses who give a glow to our theater these days. (Pamela Payton-Wright, Tovah Feldshuh, Priscilla Smith, Kathryn Walker and Meryl Streep are others.) Small, with bright dark quick eyes, a wide but fine mouth, an upcurved nose, Maxwell radiates a feeling of intelligence, a touching apprehension, before she speaks. Her sensitivity has charm as well as emotional effect. Her voice could use some extension and enriching, but she uses it truly. A few years ago at the Long Wharf in New Haven she gave the best performance of Strindberg's Miss Julie that I have seen. I've seen *Ashes* twice: and the second time, even though I knew the moment was coming when she had to "do" this or that, she made it happen, freshly, without platitude.

Films Worth Seeing

Harlan County U.S.A. A gripping documentary of a coalminers' strike, 1973—moving, important, authentically American.

The Marquise of O . . . . One of the film's loveliest transformations of great literature, by Eric Rohmer out of Kleist.

Mikey and Nicky. Elaine May's black-comic plunge into the underworld. Utterly nasty but minor Celine.

The Seven-per-cent Solution. Fine fun. Sherlock Holmes meets Sigmund Freud, and why ever not? Excellent cast.

SK

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The English actor Brian Murray, who looks like a slightly doughy young William Holden, is Colin, and he works a bit less close to the bone. He's generally effective, but we can sometimes see him summoning up what he needs for a moment or shifting gears for a transition. A special word for John Tillinger who plays several doctors well and is moving as the kind but stern adoption chief. The last of the four-person cast, Penelope Allen, is OK as several nurses and a friend.

Ashes had its first US production last year at the Mark Taper in Los Angeles. Its first New York production was a few months ago at the Manhattan Theater Club, that hive of theaters on the upper East Side run by Lynne Meadow, who directed this production. It's by far the best work of hers that I've seen, lean and succinct yet feeling (barring Murray's occasional bulges). John Lee Beatty did an astringent setting. After a good press Joseph Papp moved the play to one of his downtown theaters, where I saw it again and where everything was nicely adjusted from the needs of a proscenium stage to a thrust stage.

Dirty Linen & New-Found-Land (Golden). Tom Stoppard is a compatriot and coeval of Rudkin's and, to me, much less interesting. Stoppard's plays have been marked by undergraduate cleverness and glitz and ultimate sterility. His new bill of short plays gets to the sterility much faster. A two-part burlesque of a Parliamentary committee hearing on members' sex habits flanks a short duologue dealing with Lloyd George's raunchiness and American travel-folder gush. The centerpiece is marginally more amusing than the longer piece with its stale gags about women's underwear, its contrived slips of the tongue, its wearisome gimmick that all the committee members (including the one woman) have been having it off with the committee secretary. (Named, with Stoppardian lightness, Miss Gotobed.) Advance feature stories and first-night reviews heralded a comedy to surpass such slobs as Aristophanes and Moliere. Six or seven minutes into the play came this exchange:

MP: Do you use Gregg's or do you favor the Pitman method?

Gotobed: I'm on the pill.

Parking the Garage

All things come to those that wait. Opera houses, international trains, embassy ballrooms and great country houses are natural favorites for lovers of intrigue and high drama. But modern life has dispersed the opportunities for mystery, giving generous doses of romance to the most mundane structures. Consider, for example, the parking garage, particularly its larger varieties. These concrete and steel structures now dot our cities or sprawl beneath our parks and squares, attracting little attention or interest. Humdrum, perhaps. But the seat of adventure as well. The great conspiracy of our era was, after all, cracked by clandestine meetings held with Deep Throat in garages. The hundreds of empty automobiles guarded against sudden intrusion: this was no site for the casual passer-by. The purposefulness and intense efficiency of the garage give it, perhaps, some of its unique character. There are symbolic as well as practical aspects to the connection with bureaucratic insurgency that Deep Throat represented. The coming of the public garage is actually tied to central features of modern living, and is an artifact of our day without earlier analogues.

In pre-20th century cities few could own their own horses and carriages. Those who did had stabling and coachmen who supervised the vehicles until the day's business, shopping or visiting was completed. Hired cabs and horse-drawn public transit required barns or stables only at the finish of a working day. Scattered around the city were some private stables and coachhouses. In suburbs or in country towns more people owned animals, or drove their carts and wagons themselves, but space was plentiful and livery stables could handle the overflow.

The appearance of the automobile and its penetration of built-up areas presented new problems. With horse-

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drawn vehicles the major urban difficulty was congestion; with automobiles it was parking, and by World War I communities were discovering unhappily that their curbsides could offer only a limited amount of space. Commuters and shoppers, now using their own cars, began to complain, and merchants applied pressure on local governments to develop some solutions. Many ideas surfaced, including rooftop parking and banning the automobile from the city centers, but among other suggestions were proposals for large municipal garages, suggestions which multiplied in the 1920s. Dr. Carol Arnovici, city planning consultant for Berkeley, California, was one such enthusiast, proposing to construct one garage of 10 stories that would cover two acres and accommodate 4000 cars. He pointed out that this was the equivalent of five miles of curbside.

Nothing so large as Arnovici's scheme was built, but just about all the basic elements of the modern garage appeared before 1930. According to a recent study by Hackman and Martin, at least 50 public garages had been built by 1929, most of them with ramps, elevators and staggered floors, this last idea developed by Fernand D'Humy shortly after World War I. Other variants also appeared, among them, push button units, ferris wheels and self-parking systems, as well as the underground garage, the first one built in Washington to accommodate the needs of United States senators.

While the Great Depression cut down on the availability of capital for investment in the large garages, parking congestion was eased considerably by the invention of the parking meter. First introduced in the summer of 1935, in Oklahoma City, within a year the meter idea had spread to many cities, promising not only greater control but welcome revenues. *The New Republic* excitedly hailed it as "the next great American gadget," admiring its ability to lighten traffic, make stores more accessible to potential customers, and lessen dependence on taxation. Apparently few motorists complained.

Although meters encouraged shorter parking and increased turnover, they could not create more curbspace, and automobile possession was one of the few growth industries of the 1930s. By the end of the decade mammoth garages were being planned and built, not only in this country but in Europe as well. London's Cumberland Garage and Car Park, with five parking floors, contained most of the features that contemporary motorists expect—staggered floors, passenger elevators, carefully graded ramps, color-keyed ticket stubs and floors, angled parking—and some features that would not become standard: areas for servicing and repairs, chauffeurs' rest room, a lounge and dressing rooms. There were other false starts. In the late 1920s one designer suggested that a billiard room would be appropriate for the garage while in a Baltimore building one parking level was set aside entirely for women drivers. And in the 1940s most large garages still relied heavily on parking attendants, advertising the speed with which cars could be retrieved: continuous elevators and fireman poles aided the nimble attendants as they ran and slid from floor to floor on their appointed rounds.

Although the war inhibited construction, it was in the summer of 1942 that the first great municipal garage opened, literally breaking new ground: San Francisco's Union Square Garage, for a time the largest structure of its kind. Its three million square feet could contain 1700 cars. Placed under the Square, its construction had necessitated the removal of the Park and the Dewey Monument, both of which were carefully put back. Newspapers and magazines spun out the details of this strange new structure whose heavy reinforced concrete roof made it an excellent air-raid shelter. Indeed, army experts helped to work out some of the air-raid features, and designed the garage as a possible hospital, in the event of Japanese attack.

After the war's end, Detroit, Chicago, Los Angeles, Kansas City, Boston and other cities began to plan their own underground garages. As might be expected, Chicago's effort was the largest. The Grant Park site was possible only after the city agreed to comply with court rulings barring any visible structure; the two floor garage, which would hold almost 2500 cars, would have to be completely buried. Costing more than eight million dollars, the Grant Park facility developed elaborate ticketing systems, coupled with automatic issuing machines, to discourage chiseling. Boston's underground garage was buried under Beacon Hill, after decades of resistance by Brahmins who declared it a desecration, and scandalous involvement by political figures like James Michael Curley and Bernard Goldfine.

To reassure their new publics, the underground garages boasted of the capacity of their ventilating fans, designed to change the air completely every few minutes, and of the presence of alarm systems which reported, electronically, changes in the carbon monoxide system. The central control stations resemble science fiction movie sets, their giant panels equipped with hundreds of lights and switches to report on air, traffic and temperature conditions. Signs were created to permit parkers to select among various levels and sections, warning them when areas were full and placing curb barriers down to reroute traffic.

By the 1940s and '50s, with several decades of experience, parking experts were debating the relative advantages of different ramp grades, surfacing materials, parking angles, centralized exit and entrance controls, accommodation for pedestrian traffic, and parking bay width. As labor costs rose and urban congestion increased, plans became more ambitious. In 1953 William Zeckendorf unveiled plans for a 20-story, 5400-car mechanical garage, in which an operator simply pressed a button to take care of the parking. The ramp system, said Zeckendorf, "is old-fashioned and illogical; the Pharaohs used it to build the pyramids." If the center city were to survive, he continued, it needed mechanized, vertical solutions to parking, and would have either to ban cars entirely, or redesign the streets to cope with the increased traffic that would pour in and out of the great garages.

One new aid for the garages lay in flexible elevators which would move horizontally as well as vertically, and place cars precisely in prearranged spaces. A number of garages using the Bowser system were constructed in the midwest and southwest, employing a combination elevator and bridge crane. Running as high as 13 floors, and containing up to four of these elevators, they were built inexpensively. But, of course, they required attendants.

Today, the typical user of garages parks his own car; the great parking decks of airports and shopping centers, the underground garages of city centers, and the towering spirals of hotels, apartment houses, office buildings and hospitals have become intimate parts of the driving experience. As such, garages have been carefully designed to accommodate rapid movement, for profitability depends more on turnover than on the number of spaces. If a garage can use the same space four or five times each day, instead of twice, its economic returns increase. Planners thus sacrifice spaces to make for wider aisles and bays, and angle the car so that ordinary

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drivers can park and leave quickly.

Getting in and getting out rapidly has become, indeed, one of the crucial tests of the expert parker. For garages, like highways, have become tests of skill and competence, three-dimensional questionnaries whose rewards go to the swift and the sure. As the ordinary complexities of computers and transistors have sped beyond our capacities, as bodies age and the competition of the stadium becomes a memory of youth, there are few public arenas in which to demonstrate that sense of timing, that spirit of daring and superior experience that mark a champion. It is here that the giant parking garage acquires its certifying functions. Planners boast of how quickly garages can fill or empty, but initiates arriving at or leaving from ball games, concerts and jobs, or trying to catch a plane, or make an appointment, know how vulnerable these promises are. Much depends on split-second decisions, judgments about which aisle may hold a friendly space, and on patience in following a straggling pedestrian who may be about to find his car and release a berth. The electronic signals and the friendly attendants rarely help in crises. And so the driver is thrown back on his or her own resources, and the struggle for space becomes another episode of self-definition.

Identity is also at stake in these moments of panic when the parked car cannot be found. Somewhere in those thousands of automobiles is a familiar vehicle, but not every motorist heeds the advice of the signs and notes his aisle or quadrant. The color coded tickets, the many efforts to force some kind of recollection (in Kansas City's Crown Center hearts, spades, diamonds and clubs are used for the different floors) sometimes go for naught. The interior of a garage then takes on the character of a Chirico landscape, pitiless in its exposure of a faulty memory or bad planning. The endlessly repeating modules offer little chance of identification as the driver is reduced to the familiar experience of being one among many others, who has to obey the rules to fight his way out.

Garages, however, also produce their moments of satisfaction and even exhilaration. The great serpentine ramps which demand nerves of steel and immunity to vertigo, can, in quiet moments, act as the poor man's racing track, their concrete walls threatening fenders and bumpers but offering a challenge that is hard to resist. The well planned garage can also supply occasions for driver courtesy to surface, so long as the feeder lanes are clearly marked. In Chicago's Grant Park Garage, the post-symphony ritual has two lines of cars edging their ways to the exit, drivers from each lane alternating easily and precisely so that no one lane gains an advantage. The protocol is exquisitely fixed, and provides one of the rare moments when drivers exercise more restraint inside than outside their vehicles.

The external architecture, as opposed to the internal planning, has been late to develop. Many architects have felt ambivalent about building structures to house this intrusion into the landscape. The *Architectural Record* headed one story on an office complex in Portland, Oregon, "To Suppress the Visual Impact of the Automobile," and gauged the project's success by its ability to hide the presence of the car. Parking garages, concluded the *Architectural Forum*, are "an ever-present affront to the human consciousness; temples of Detroit where once men built cathedrals to the spirit."

A few architects, however, have responded to the challenge. Paul Rudolph, who designed New Haven's Temple Street Garage in the early 1960s sought to make his garage "look like to belonged to the automobile and its movement;" Rudolph wanted to avoid "just another office building with glass." His garage became, for a time at least, the symbol of a commercial rejuvenation, a magnet rather than a background discreetly servicing the needs of its connecting department stores. The long, modular building with its striated concrete finish stretches more than 700 feet and spans two city blocks. The handsome concrete lampposts and hand rails, the giant curved forms seemed to answer the *Architectural Record*'s question, "Should a parking garage be an architectural *tour de force*, or should it be buried underground wherever possible?" New Haven has continued this architectural innovation by hosting, just a few blocks away, a Coliseum and Convention Center where Kevin Roche and John Dinkeloo have suspended a 2400-car garage over this auditorium and sports arena. The unusual placement has a practical as well as dramatic impact. And other architects have brought imagination and originality to the mundane task of housing the automobile.

But for the most part, parking garages have had as little to do with architecture as possible; their grill-like or glass-

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enclosed boxes and their underground cells have become as common as street signs and trash boxes. What makes them so representative of contemporary landscape development is their combination of great size and anonymity. Just as service functions now dwarf producers in our economy, so the peripheral, support structures of our culture dominate the nodes they are meant to serve. Much of this imbalance is caused by the automobile, which exhausts space even more enthusiastically than it consumes energy, but its efforts are seconded by the airplane, the computer, and the record-keeping and monitoring systems that supervise and coordinate our political and ecological conduct. The formal rigidities and planning continuities of garages, some now basically unchanged for 50 years, indicate how utilitarian structures can protect design traditions. The machine's demands, once made, are less protean than the ever-changing fashions of our artistic and cultural institutions. Compare the static quality of garages with the transformation of libraries, museums and university campuses in the last 25 years. But its permanence in our topography has given the garage little grace or distinction; it remains a servitor, whose singleminded apprenticeship to the needs of movement and individual insulation project the tensions of the rush-hour, the income tax form, and the other penalties of living beneath the reign of numbers.

Neil Harris

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Books Considered

A Certain Man by Zane Kotker

(Knopf; $8.95)

The poet and critic Marvin Bell wrote once that he loves "poems which begin with ordinary materials and which refuse to compromise the essential truths of these materials . . . which insist on the true nature and limitations of given sets of circumstances." *A Certain Man* is a novel, not a poem, and so it needn't be exhorted to concern itself with the ordinary: novels, we know, are written more often than not about recognizable, not heroic, people who live in real, not ideal, houses amid the things of this world. The notable distinction of Zane Kotker's book is that it is not so much *set* among those modest and tangible things—the propmaster's business, background to the action of the drama—as it is about them, made of them, and beautifully made: about the pull of gravity on a man who wants to fly.

Charles Minor (his name unnecessarily symbolic) is a minister whose sermons move no one to tears, let alone to action. He is most comfortable making endless plodding pastoral calls and is revered in the unflamboyant tradition of the country doctor; he loves his parishioners more than they love themselves or each other. His worldly progress is balked at every turn, not by diabolical plan or shameful insensitivity but because he is a modest man of modest gifts in a world which tends to reward humility only if it's an unexpected adjunct to genius. He is, in short, a man whose talent is for the precincts of earth, not for those of heaven, whose personal faith is neither endangered nor significantly noted—but surely there is the possibility, Kotker makes clear, that men like this (uncharismatic, untemptable, convinced but not convincing) are the true saints among us.

Charles Minor's failures loom around him. No, they do less than loom: they yawn, or so he believes. They sadden him, depress his wife who finds him altogether unremarkable, they dampen his years. Yet Jesus was ordinary, was humble, came as a mortal—the tension of worldly ambition and spiritual purity does not mutilate Charles so much as it makes him itch with powerlessness. It gives him lonely satisfaction but it denies him the joy we come to believe he deserves. As a child he had thought skeptically about Jesus as a model for himself: "If you knew you were full of glory as the son of God, you could afford a few nails." But Charles Minor's nobility is forever a matter for conjecture: what is he to make of it? What are we?

The book itself exists, as does its main character, in an old tradition. It begins in Charles's childhood and takes us slowly, expansively, milestone by milestone, in a slow arc to his death and past it. The child experiences much of the life of his country family organized, petrified, into stories: someone would tell "How We Killed the Pig" or "I Was Poor"; much later Charles's own experience begins to run in the same deepening channels—it is the way we organize our lives even if we don't stand in any pulpit, this storyteller's shorthand for pain, for lessons learned, for initiations survived. Out among his congregants, in kitchens and sickrooms, he begins to realize that "Each other's stories . . . that was how you changed people. Not by argument." The insight is crucial: believing it, Charles is doomed or blessed to be of more use on any weekday than he is on Sunday. The distinction, like much of the book, is humbling, not aggrandizing; it keeps things at ground level where the air is not heady.

Kotker has cast her novel in a very flexible third person that opens continually for a kind of implicit internal monologue; the ground bass of Charles Minor's thought is biblical. The book is not intellectually profound, any more than Charles is; it is neither more nor less complex than this man would be. But it casts its familiar lessons in a prose of genuine charm: "Dairy men didn't expect help from God and acted as if they lived before Jesus, following an earlier calendar. It was called Generations and had two seasons. The first was Poking, when you thumbed the seeds into the earth or got the bull to stick his seeds into the cow. The second was Bloom, when young things were produced out of old. There was scarcely any male or female in it."

Bodies in Motion, Kotker's interesting

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first novel, set its characters like the precious jewels we all may be, in beds of lush velvet prose. They may have lived lives of petty circumstance but they were, the author made certain we understood, Timeless and Archetypal. *A Certain Man* has thoroughly assimilated this possibility, begins with it in fact, but goes on to ask a further question or two about the potential behavior of the Timeless and Archetypal. "Was incorruptible simply a synonym for invisible?" Is there a difference between humility and inadequacy? And what—this is more our question than Charles's because his introspection is more spiritual than psychological—what accounts for his worldy insufficiencies? Are they a matter of unique purity or of psychological timidity, a problem for the soul or for the ego (or is the separation crass)? Are they, in fact, no problem at all but a sign of grace? His son, Charles discovers, is afraid to displease his father "not because of that father's strength but because of his fragility. Terrible. Oh, forgive me, he [says] over and over to himself; make me strong, or at least to appear strong." Is a father who must plead for such a pathetic illusion a gentle hero or a mediocrity?

A Certain Man probes its definition of heroism soul by soul, case by case. Good as its early chapters are, (and there is some beautifully conjectured child's vision) there are moments when their detail feels researched, the authenticity of the child's New England small town and his father's mortuary business feels vaguely forced. (Nor do I ever again want to read another chapter of unnotable activity that ends "Bosnia, where was that? Joseph stared blankly and expectantly ahead. It was June, 1914.") Its riches lie in its central chapters, the unnumbered humane encounters of Sisyphus with his stone in all its mortal disguises. There is no faking Kotker's painstaking care here, her fascination with the incomparable, the individual, the ordinary. Perhaps the reader has to be a devotee of small town idiosyncracy to enjoy this kind of parade; there may be a few too many rhetorical leaps, questions nailed to the ends of chapters. Perhaps there is even a certain impersonality behind it in the end, the same impulse that cast Archetype and Immutable Role into capital letters in *Bodies in Motion*: these are the People of the Town going through their human paces, individualized page by page but ultimately—Ultimately—a mass of faces, the endless needy congregation. Possibly. But that is what our lives are made of and what Charles's feels like, a haze of memory made of separate faces, all colors blending to white. Kotker has the ventriloqual authority to capture their distinct voices and the narrative that surrounds the endless particularities is stylized, elliptical enough so that we don't, unballasted by her judgment, drown in banality. Furthermore, like a genius of stage makeup, she makes her main character age convincingly. His politics are, not all of a sudden, retrograde. He is a father committing the unbelievable phrases of universal fatherhood. His bewilderment is palpable and moving; we knew him when he was a child.

Just as reviews of restaurants have a star or some other kind of mark to denote "ambience," so, I think, should comments on new books trouble to mention the quality of production that is the publisher's sole responsibility. Most of the time writers are helpless to influence the physical production of their own books. At least as reviewers we can praise publishers whose cost accounting imperatives have not blinded them to their responsibility to make beautiful and lasting books.

A Certain Man is a fine and serious work which Knopf has treated with the proper respect: good paper, thread, not glue, a matte grey cover bearing an appropriately enigmatic gravestone rubbing of an angel, and the same sense of leisure and dignity in the design that Farrar, Straus and Giroux gave last year to Larry Woiwode's *Beyond the Bedroom Wall*. Together these elements act as a subtle invitation to the reader to sit back and let the heavy book indeed weigh heavily in the hands. From the start we know that this is the chronicle of all a man's days, and it should not be taken lightly.

Rosellen Brown

Rosellen Brown's most recent book is a narrative poem, *Cora Fry* (Norton).

Henry and Cato by Iris Murdoch

(Viking; $10)

Readers of Iris Murdoch's 18th novel (since 1954) will doubtless include many who have read most of its predecessors. This, despite her detractors' charges that the nearly-annual immersion in "a Murdoch" evinces an addict's pursuit of pseudo-intellectual cheap thrills; a somewhat brainier equivalent of, say, the craving for Gothic romances.

We who know better will tell you that her urbane, choreographed sophisticates' intrigues are designed to dramatize, over and over again, familiar (conflicting) philosophical or moral positions. If that sounds too elevated, let it be said that one keeps up with her books because they flow from, and comment on, one another, re-wrestling with problems of choice her previous characters have met with, and failed to subdue. Murdoch herself said virtually as much, in a recent interview (*Publishers Weekly*, Dec. 13): "Why else would [any novelist] be writing her next novel except to try to correct in it the mistakes of her last?"

Henry and Cato engages an idea that has permeated the best of her recent work (*Bruno's Dream, An Accidental Man, The Black Prince, A Word Child*). One of her characters expressed it, plainly enough: "We are nothing. And yet we love people. How can that be?" The inhabitants of this book's bleak houses and Brontëan menages are foolish mortals who wish, fervently, to do good, but cannot—because their (selfless *and* selfish) desires get them entangled in convoluted sets of relationships with other people, who are also impelled by mixed collocations of motives. The one character here who seems hopelessly vain and imperceptive concludes, early on, that "human beings are endlessly ingenious about promoting their own misery." The novel's complication, climax, denouement, and expressed realizations prove the truth of his perception.

The first action undertaken is a surreptitious gesture of love, bearing both phallic and devotional overtones. From there, Murdoch arranges her characters' activities into a dialectic which bespeaks the collapse of two humanitarian ideals: one is sacred, the other profane; each encroaches, timidly, on the other's territory.

Cato Forbes is a Catholic priest ensconced in a rundown mission in

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London's East End. Named (for the Stoic philosopher) by the father who tendered him "a strictly rationalist atheist upbringing," Cato has, perversely, become "invaded by Christ." But his religious inclinations have become confused—and Cato wonders whether he should renounce his faith, leave the Church, and accept the dawning, damning consequences of his powerful affection for a mysterious teenage boy, "Beautiful Joe" Beckett ("Why bother about Christ when there is Joe?"). Worse is to come: his best intentions initiate a ludicrous crime, endanger several other people, wreak destruction where he had plotted only *good*, and convince the failed priest that "nobody can be changed or saved by the most extreme of loves."

In a different way, similar wisdom descends on Henry Marshalson, called home to London after the accidental death of his brother, to claim his inheritance: Laxlinden Hall, the family estate, which still houses his widowed mother Gerda; her adoring beneficiary, the decrepit poet Lucius Lamb; and a most curious maid, identified only as "bird-headed Rhoda." Gerda's haughty distrust of her son (who "seemed . . . like a little hard ball of implacable destructiveness and hostility") is prophetic. Henry rejects the responsibilities that accrue with property; he plans to give away his wealth and return to America, where he teaches art history at Sperriton College ("outside St. Louis"), and dwells in an earthy trinity, of sorts, with a Jewish couple who've practically "adopted" him.

But Henry's non-materialism fares no better than Cato's non-violence and self-effacement. While the former schemes to dispose of his lavish mansion, Cato struggles to keep his underfinanced mission going. Henry's renunciatory spasms are compromised by his (quite irrational) determination to "own" the fluttery, distracted woman whom he seems to have inherited along with his brother's other possessions; in a parallel way, Cato's purity of heart is undone by the lineaments of ungratified desire. The priest, to his horror, discovers his fleshly appetites; (in reverse) Henry seems a flawed, unaware "spirit one" (Sperriton). The dualities act out adroit ironic mockeries of each other. The point, of course, is that no ideal is achievable, no pattern remains consistent or unbroken.

The novel's structure follows the lines of its stated themes. Murdoch ranges among separated characters and unrelated simultaneous episodes, showing us how peripheral people are sucked into the vortices of Henry's/Cato's tribulations, willing or not. A series of "unmaskings" suggest that our allegiances aren't always what we believe them to be. But the logic of the overall construction is questionable, for the climax, having occurred, necessitates a complex, talky realignment of nearly everybody's affections. It can be argued that *Henry and Cato* is at least 50 pages too long.

But not by me. I'm an uncritical admirer of the way this novel marshals together secondary characters, undercurrent motifs, curiously moving symbolic associations—in support of the assertion I take to be its central message. It's stated by a fellow-priest who chides Cato ("Your guilt is vanity"); advises him to reject, not faith, but "reason and intelligence"; and identifies humanity's "chief illusion" as the "conception of ourselves of our importance which must not be violated."

In reviewing Murdoch's last novel, I guessed that her characterizations seem thin only because her esthetic rejects the notion of the individual's primacy. In *Henry and Cato*, we may infer the same principle at work, observable through its author's masterly deployment of appropriate details. There are numerous examples of ideals being weighted down by unregenerate objects, or perceptions encumbered by hazy intermediacies, earthly certainties unsettled by "otherworldly" intrusions. For example, this one pattern of likenesses: besides "bird-headed Rhoda" and Lucius Lamb, we might note, among others, the Fischers, Dame Patricia Raven, Giles Gosling. Henry spies a hawk: it's "a Symbol of the Holy Ghost" (Cato says). Glimpsing a fox, he thinks instantly of his dead brother. He soothes his captive mistress, thus: "We're just together now, like two happy good animals in a pen." Birds soar; animals stay placidly put, on earth.

Is there a lesson in all this? I think it rests somewhere between the polarities of the novel's dialectic. Henry "chooses happiness," and shucks off his agonies (also, his obligations). Cato remains intransigent, unconsolable ("There was no God and the world was damned and everyone had quietly gone mad only they were carrying on as usual. The universe was funny brittle awful momentary"). Even Lucius seems to sense (too late) that grandiose aspirations have ruined his life ("I could have won Gerda, after [her husband] died, . . . if I had been an ordinary man with ordinary selfish appetites and will"). It may not be as prideful as it sounds. It's also interesting that this realization is granted to a Lamb—who may be, depending on your viewpoint, a special and blessed one, or a poor uncomprehending creature dragged forward only to be sacrificed.

Bruce Allen

Bruce Allen is a free-lance writer living in Kittery, Maine.

Majesty: Elizabeth II and the House of Windsor by Robert Lacey

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $12.95)

The best reason to write an approved and even authorized history of the reigning sovereign of England is the privileges one gets by so doing. There was, for example, Robert Lacey's comfortable weekend at Sandringham, that lavish royal estate in Norfolk and one of the last fully-functioning examples of the Victorian country house, where the author discovered such memorable information as that guests are met at the railway station in a Mercedes and not an English car; that her most gracious majesty occasionally chops her own meat while wearing a babushka, and that the footmen (of whom there are many) wear silver buttons and red waistcoats. He also discovered that the Queen, as a follower of Weight Watchers, takes almost no second helpings.

Such facts, it is true, tell us very little about the quality and calibre of Elizabeth II's reign; they do, however, tell us a good deal about Lacey's book. Before dismissing this, however, consider Lacey's problems: biographers of English sovereigns, no matter how carefully vetted, have no easy time of it. Assured by Walter Bagehot, the most important philosopher of modern monarchy, of the unwisdom of disturbing the mystique surrounding the throne, particularly by permitting its subjects to see behind its public facade, contemporary courtiers (largely invisible but potent nonetheless) have regarded any departure from this rule with

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suspicion. No matter how personally acceptable they may be, therefore (as Lacey undoubtedly is), biographers are necessarily suspect.

More important, however, Elizabeth II's has been such a dull and uneventful reign that any author is hard put to find sufficient material—much less sufficient significant material—for a good book.

Supporters of the monarchic principle (such as Lacey), even while admitting the fact that Elizabeth II is a very ordinary and uninspiring woman personally (though the statement is still heresy to many), who, were she virtually anyone else, would be utterly without general interest, still hold fast to the notion that as Queen she is important. And it is this importance, they say, which justifies the attention to which she is constantly subject and the many privileges she and her family possess.

To a certain extent, they may be right.

As we proved in America during our own poorly-organized bicentennial, even sloppily-arranged and unimaginative pageantry can be worthwhile as the means, in the words of sociologist Èmile Durkheim, "of upholding and reaffirming . . . the collective sentiments and the collective ideas which make [society's] unity and personality."

Just now, many in Britain, where every traditional value and all the inherited sureties of the past are beleaguered, feel an especial need to uphold and reaffirm what remains before these, too, are destroyed, a need which has redounded to the particular benefit of the monarchy, which has come to be perceived as the distillation and chief representative of all that is good and great—and comfortably predictable—in a nation seemingly subject to constant deterioration and unhappy change without notice.

Very likely, without some means of keeping the semblance of a Britain of significance in a time when the nation is manifestly without it, its genuinely hard-pressed and no doubt bewildered and increasingly angry citizens might give way to emotions more destructive than mere despair. However, the Queen is there, forever on the scene, regularly presented in ceremonies marked by glitter and precision, doing her bit to make sure that worst doesn't happen.

Thus she is most assuredly (in Lacey's phrase) "useful" and probably earns the splendid government grants she and the royal family, the aunts and cousins reckoned by the dozens receive from a nation grateful to be spared the embarrassment of proving that its citizens are no less prone to violent upheaval and societal turbulence than the rest of us are, a fact contrary to what every Victorian gentleman believed.

However, since accounts of ceremonies and even royal visits to race meets and movie premiers have a limited interest to all but the most star-struck devotees of things regal, and by no means establish that the throne has the kind of significance its supporters would have us believe, authors such as Lacey characteristically go to great lengths to show us how much power—and thus importance—the crown still retains.

To be blunt, it is an exercise in futility, for the power that remains is quite trivial, consisting chiefly in the now virtually meaningless privilege of appointment of a prime minister in the absence of any recognized successor to the position. To be sure, the Queen has exercized this prerogative three times during her reign (in 1957, 1963 and 1976), but the only two occasions in which her participation was at all important (the first two) came about because the Conservative party—then

Carl von Clausewitz

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in power—had no established means of selecting a leader. Now it does.

In truth, supporters of the throne do it a disservice by trying to prove that it retains political power, for its greatest influence and importance derive not from any ability to intervene in the processes of government (which it can scarcely do in any event), but as a means of enabling citizens to feel pride in their nation and in themselves.

And since the current monarch has helped rather than hindered them from doing so, she will probably finish out her days a queen. Which will no doubt allow Lacey to write other insubstantial books for her golden and diamond jubilees, such as he has now done in time for her silver this June.

Jeffrey L. Lant

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The Art and Imagination Of W.E.B. DuBois
by Arnold Rampersad

(Harvard; $14)

The Correspondence Of W.E.B. DuBois: Vols. I and II
ed. by Herbert Aptheker

(University of Massachusetts; $22.50 per volume)

W.E.B. DuBois was luckier than most—the necessary things for him coincided with the important, sparing him at once triviality and frustration. In the 1880s, while yet a teen-ager in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, he assumed his identity with his race and embarked on a career of writing that was as protean in form as it was integral in purpose: to win an effective acknowledgement of the injuries for centuries inflicted on "Black Folk" in the United States, and effective recognition for the blacks who had achieved so much in and for their country. DuBois was still at this more than Sisyphean task in the 1960s, with honors and insults heaped inseparably upon his head.

All his life he was at odds with his time. He caused uneasiness in personal relations by pursuing a principle of freedom rather than power; he attracted opprobrium in public organizations by asking for justice instead of efficiency. Those close to him were put off by his uncompromising explicitness, his "arrogance"; those at a distance resisted his arguments—historical, economic, philosophical—as radical if not communist propaganda. Even his friends seem to have been wary of him.

Nor did this come about without collusion on his part. That DuBois felt loneliness there can be no doubt, but he was amply compensated by his pride and defensiveness. For all practical purposes he gave up domestic life for the public fray. For spiritual purposes he shunned the camaraderie and dynamics of the public world, insisting on privacy while sacrificing domesticity, and while courting publicity. Even his pursuit of greatness smacked of his privacy—his "talented tenth" would uplift the Negro masses without direct contact, somehow without touching them. He cast himself as the representative of his own race, but he also cast himself toward abstraction; his first essay in autobiography, *Darkwater*, was subtitled "Voices from Within the Veil," and his second, *Dusk of Dawn*, was made even more impersonal as "An Essay toward an Autobiography of a Race Concept"; only his third, posthumous *Autobiography* shifted inward, as he wistfully recognized his shying away from the "personal" dimensions of his public career. In the *Autobiography* he speaks of the "high ideals and brute force" with which an assortment of "selfless," "ruthless," and headlong men ("rushing bulls") "rolled and jammed" Wilberforce University forward, and he speculates:

> *Suppose I had had the cunning to help harness and guide this superhuman energy, what could I not have helped to turn it into? Not into a university . . . such as I dreamed, but perhaps into something greater. But no, I did not have ability of that sort, nor will to dream of it. And so I turned away, or, rather, I was turned . . . .*

There is in that shift from active to passive voice something difficult and necessary to understand. For DuBois may have averted his eyes rather than turning away himself. He suggests elsewhere in the *Autobiography* that there was no turning away: "It was as though moving on a rushing express, my main thought was to my relations with the other passengers on the express, and not to its rate of speed or destination."

As dedicated or driven as he was, DuBois retained a clear sense of his nature and his situation. He points unerringly to the key to any just understanding when, a few years before his death, he speaks of the "paradox" of his life. At the root of the paradox was the fact that DuBois, as prolific as he was, never found a medium or a style on which to poise himself for the complex coordinates of his experience. He was analytical and incantatory. He was short with those who praised him, and dwelt on his opponents and detractors at great length. He was a scientist, and a quasi-mystic; his alter ego in *The Black Flame*, Jean Du Bignon, wishes "to achieve a scientific knowledge of the truth; . . . a realization of the possibility of prophecy." He was a passionate man who realized that "the wisest and only attitude should be watchful waiting."

It is easier to say that he changed, rather than that he evolved, in his three autobiographical documents. If there is a paramount character in his work, it is that of a pioneer sociologist, and even here there is inconsistency. His first three books, *The Philadelphia Negro*, *The Suppression of the African Slave-Trade to the United States of America, 1638-1870* and *The Souls of Black Folk* show him in three strikingly different guises as a sociologist. The first is statistical or descriptive, the second conceptual, and the third can only be called spiritual sociology. But in fact all three tend toward a form that DuBois invented, the sociology of aspiration. This is the necessary form for all oppressed peoples, and the only one that for them can approximate truth.

It is not, however, the most predictable or circumspect form. In DuBois's hands (and few others have risked it) it boiled down to sociology functioning as art, and art functioning as sociology. He aimed for progress, immediately for the Negro and ultimately for all mankind,

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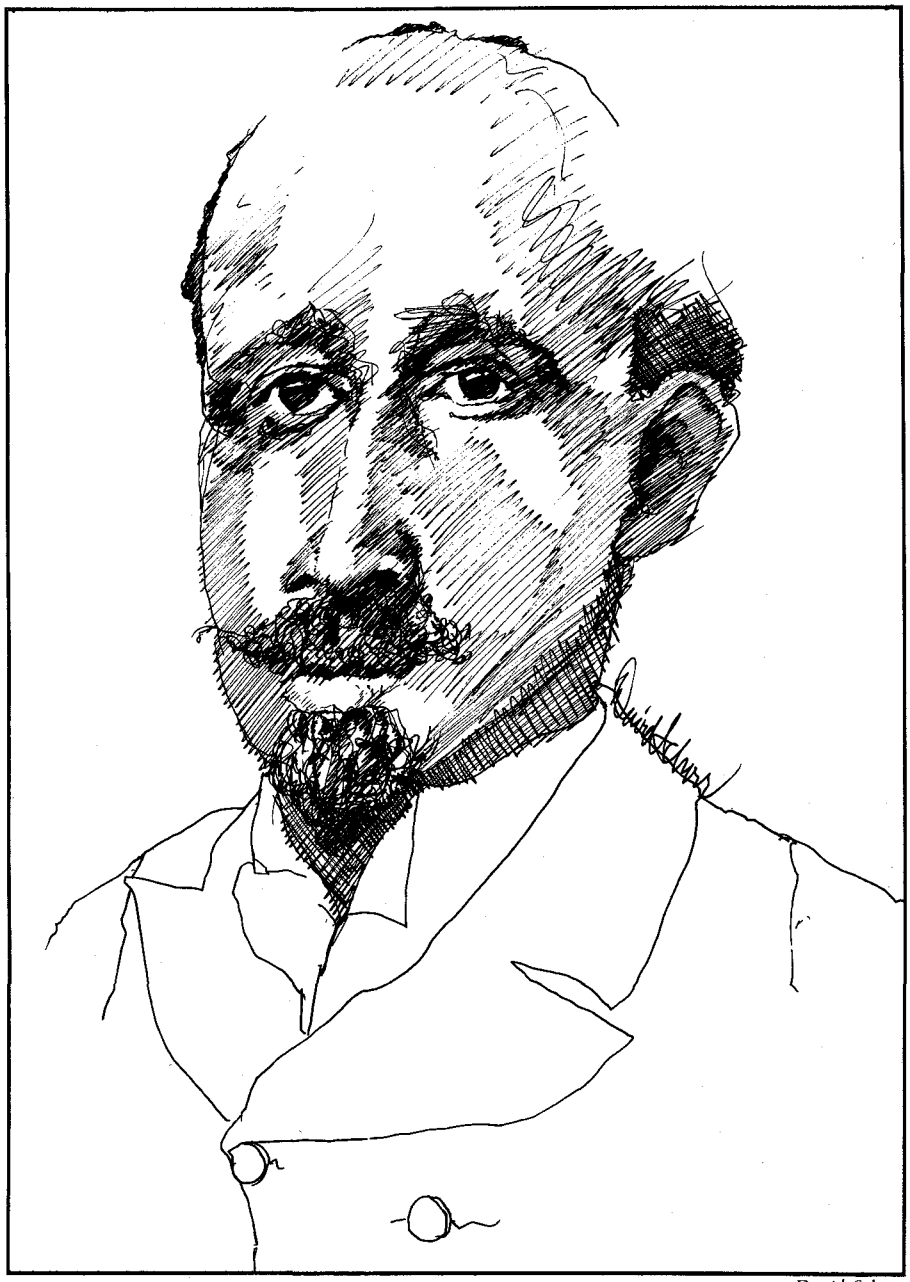

David Schorr

and in his view "there is no human progress without a previsioning of the aspiration through one of the symbolic languages of art." Here in a nutshell is the difficulty of his style, for he was at once devoted to comprehensive objectivity and committed to subjective goals. The man who aspired to discover and maintain abiding principles was fain to manipulate immediate resources for immediate advantages.

His was a *forensic* existence, not just to the extent that he undertook the "strife of finer souls against brutality," but in the radical sense that he had to prove title, for himself and for every Negro in America, to any soul at all. When 'soul' has become something of a cant term, it is well to recall its polemical origins in DuBois's writing, and to recognize him as the first one, for all that Douglass and Washington may have done,to forge an uncreated conscience in two races.

Certainly DuBois was a force for conscience, for liberality, for democratic idealism, but he was an unexpected and an unorthodox force. All men are uneasy about forces, and most are downright alarmed by complex ones. It has been soothing, then, for friend or foe to box DuBois in narrow categories: black nationalist, Socialist-Communist, elitist. He did not countenance such treatment. To take only the question of communism:

> *I believe in Karl Marx . . . . But I do not believe in the verbal inspiration of the Marxism scriptures . . . . I am not interested in working out a perfect dogmatic system on the basis of the Marxism brand of Hegelianism. What I want is a realistic and practical approach to a democratic state in which the exploitation of labor is stopped, and the political power is in the hands of the workers.*

It is impossible to fix and even difficult to chart DuBois's position because he knew that, despite any perfect (or imperfect) dogmatic system, the "express" would keep "rushing" along. He was a man for the dynamics of things, and his were above all the dynamics of aspiration.

In no small measure the impact of Arnold Rampersad's *The Art and Imagination of W.E.B. DuBois* derives from a lively awareness of the dynamics of a sensitive and generous man trying to make a way for himself, and for the race he represented. Rampersad's is an important and necessary book. Clearly it is the product of wide, patient reading, and the expression of a firm and yet mobile intelligence. One admires the daring of the thesis that DuBois's "greatest gift was poetic in nature, and that his scholarship, propaganda, and political activism drew their ultimate power from his essentially poetic vision of human experience and from his equally poetic reverence for the word." To root the diversity of modes in which DuBois worked in a single personality, and to construe that personality as acutely perceptive, responsive, independent, creative and communicative carries us at a stroke into unbroken ground. At the same time one wishes that Rampersad had shown how far the burdens and demands of the formal public situation remained congruent with DuBois's character. The power of his personality is one that we find, in Wordsworth's phrase, "growing under weight." He relished the adversity of the outside world, and made his cross his battering-ram, his enemies the occasion for greater clarity and strength in himself.

In a sense Rampersad's articulation of the "poetic" interpretation of DuBois is sacrificed to comprehensiveness in coverage of DuBois's works. The book follows what is basically a chronological line of development, but occasionally wobbles along this line. The question of the "poetic" gets shorter shrift as the study gets longer; by the end "a soulful impassioned liberalism, the discipline of Marxism, and the power of racial partisanship" have become Rampersad's dominant concerns, and surprisingly little is done to explicate the social, historical, cultural and symbolic significance of the name of Mansart (man's art), the outstanding figure in DuBois's last work, the *Black Flame*

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trilogy. By the same token the complex advances and adjustments in DuBois's work get merely suggestive attention. One encounters DuBois's art and imagination, certainly, but one does not always find within that depiction the fusion of conflicting impulses that gives DuBois his distinction and his strength.

Rampersad's chapters on "The Making of the Man," on *The Souls of Black Folk*, *The Quest of the Silver Fleece* and *Darkwater* show a deft interweaving of particular data and summary judgments of DuBois's style, character, and thought. The reader is perhaps teased more than satisfied by some dimensions of the discussion: the recurrent problem of dualism, DuBois's adoption of the mixed mode or *satura*, and his relation to German romantic theories of culture and to the English essay tradition. But this is mainly to say that Rampersad has done enough to create a desire for the fuller picture as he sees it. The proposition that "all of Afro-American literature of a creative nature has proceeded from DuBois's comprehensive statement on the nature of the people in *The Souls of Black Folk*" cries out for substantiation and justification.

At some level the art of DuBois was the art to survive, and to prevail. It is a social, political, intellectual, moral, as well as esthetic art. In turn his imagination was that of one who not only "dreamed and loved and wandered and sang" but also grieved and lost and reeled and spoke out on a myriad of subjects, from the image of the black woman to the goals of America in World War I; and whenever he spoke he both risked and consolidated himself. The virtue of Rampersad's work is that it comes closer than anything heretofore to bringing out the complexity of the quality and development of DuBois's art and imagination; its poignant defect is that it seems ready to have come—all that mortality allows—absolutely close.

One would expect a large selection of DuBois's correspondence to put forward the *vir ipse et verissimus*. And one would expect Herbert Aptheker, long associated with and devoted to DuBois, to make that kind of selection. And yet the two substantial volumes of the *Correspondence* so far issued manage to devitalize if not to smother DuBois with an excess of fussy and cryptic attention. The stated principle of selection is brief, and negative: to omit what is "personal." Is this then the impersonal correspondence, or the formal or the political or the racial correspondence, or what? Aptheker arranges the first volume by primary function and social ambience ("National and International Leader: The Era of Postwar 'Prosperity,' 1920-1929"), but orders the second volume austerely by the year ("1937," "1938" . . .), leaving the "interrelatedness of DuBois's activities" to establish continuity. Does this mean that his activities were not "interrelated" before? The first volume covers the years 1877-1934, the second 1934-1944, nearly six decades to one. Is this because DuBois's life, or at least his letters, were largely "personal" till he neared 70, though most of his intensest, most original and influential thinking was done in this span?

The odd thing is that, even apart from some family letters introduced into both volumes and some that are in the wrong sense "personal" (one from Mrs. Ida B. Wells-Barnett essentially presuming to instruct DuBois in public relations and race etiquette), most of the letters *by* DuBois show his personality radiating through every gesture he made, whether in the educational or political arena, whether on conceptual or practical points. He drew his ideas, as he wrote in 1904, from "intimate soul contact with all kinds and conditions of black men," and in 1930 he said ringingly that "the object of all true education" was not to train men as carpenters, but "to make carpenters men." Typically, he moved in institutions, but consulted the "intimate soul" of "men." He maintained privacy, but was emphatically personal.

It seems painfully consistent with the decision to play down DuBois, the person, in his correspondence that somewhere near a half of all the entries are letters *to* DuBois, letters that displace his writing and almost invariably could have been substantially inferred from DuBois's or reduced to a footnote. But then Aptheker keeps footnotes to a minimum and resorts to the headnote, so that he appears before DuBois, a John the Baptist with a singular twist—his points are illustrated by the man who comes after, rather than the forerunner discreetly paving the way. In the second volume the headnotes are italicized to distinguish them from the correspondence, but this only makes them more conspicuous; in the first volume the distinction cannot readily be drawn.

This edition of DuBois's *Correspondence* resembles nothing so much as a loosely concatenated prolegomenon to a biography, without the liability of a formal declaration. Great labor and great learning in bio-politico-historical ranges have gone into the two volumes. But a bias has also gone into them. There could be no objection if it were an announced bias; that, as Coleridge long ago observed, is tantamount to objectivity, since the reader can make all necessary allowances and adjustments. Here one can only respond to the effect of a silent bias, which is to curb the energy and the poetry of DuBois's mind and experience. One recalls that in one of the last letters of Volume II DuBois speaks unhappily of "publishers" who "were scared of poetry." And one recalls the words of Wole Soyinka: "The man who, because of ideological kinship, tries to sever my being from its self-apprehension is not merely culturally but politically hostile." We are faced with a pair of volumes that it is impossible to do without, and yet problematical to rely on. This effort will increase the appreciation due Aptheker for the way he helped, some decades ago, to raise and establish vital questions in Afro-American history and thought. But it also leaves the impression that Aptheker has not substantially enlarged and refined his interests to keep in line with a field that is bursting with new controversy and fruit. Clearly DuBois could have been more fully and more truly served.

Michael Cooke

Michael Cooke, professor of English at Yale, formerly chaired the Commission on Minority Literature of the Modern Language Association.

My Second Twenty Years by Richard P. Brickner

(Basic Books; $7.95)

Someone once lauded to him Franz Rosenzweig's courageous tolerance of his total paralysis, and Freud responded "What else can he do?" The same remark can be turned on Freud, as it can on all of us who suffer from illness.

Ernest Becker, *The Denial of Death*

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Invariably, to write about the struggle to become a man in America is to be drawn into those very personal wars from which one etches a coherent past that the self can draw on. And when manhood itself has been stolen from a fate that originally seemed terminal, then the process of reviewing the past becomes its own mirror—and the distortions, the moments of triumph and defeat that highlight what one creates out of that self he so desperately strives for, become almost unbearable. The need for distance from the self wrestles with the need to reclaim a single moment in which all of life could be held accountable, a moment which, I believe, theologians speak of as "dying into life." And the process of "dying" is accepted consciously—at first thrust upon one as a stigmatization, ultimately worn as a badge.

For this reason, those of us who have successfully survived into adulthood as cripples possess an altered perspective, a "radical" perspective if you will, from which to measure not only our own selfhood-questing but the selfhood-questing of others. "No man is an island entire of itself," Donne wrote centuries ago. Maybe not all the time. Still, despite the English teachers and clergymen and philosophers and other spreaders of wisdom who have approvingly quoted Donne ever since, the truth is that each of us is often an island, alone, entire, jutting questfully out of a sea whose greatest sin is that it washes up methodically on our shores, ignoring the selfhood we view as singular. The world's charge can be diminished but not forgotten. The self as victim is always with us. And yet, the pride of having come through, of having forced that world of others to acknowledge the extent to which one has been, *is*, a survivor is among the most meaningful forms of pride an individual can claim. I sometimes think it is the only pride worth claiming.

Richard Brickner is a 43-year-old writer who, at the age of 20, was thrown free of an MG he was driving, broke his neck, and began his "unexpected life" in a wheelchair. *My Second Twenty Years* is a book about that life. It is also a book about manhood and survival and, above all, about how it feels to live a second life as a cripple after having lived a first life among those the sociologist Erving Goffman calls the "normals." And it is a memorable achievement, a brilliant autobiography that is certainly among the most incisive books ever written about the process of becoming a cripple. Brickner is a master of his subject matter because he is capable of living with the self's confusions—and of writing out of the very heart of those confusions. Perhaps only a writer who has attempted something similar can understand the incredible cost such honesty demands. In a culture which celebrates the meretricious, the pompous, the self-advertised and the inane with words such as "courage" and "grace," it is difficult to find the proper words for a writer willing to expose himself and his readers to the true risks of self-revalation—the invariably aborted sense of triumph at what others take for granted, the doubts, the desires for vengeance, love, justification, the outrage one feels at a world that can ignore one's very presence because it refuses to see, refuses to look at, that which upsets its categories, and that particular kind of desperation that we finally must call "courage" because there is no other word in the English language that can state what we mean.

And yet, to own one's manhood is not to own one's life. And Brickner is willing to put that on record, too, forcing his honesty into this book as he has, apparently, forced it into his life. Subject to the claims of a world he neither made nor wanted, the cripple is denied the very triumph his experience should celebrate. The process was incisively analyzed by Erving Goffman in his *Stigma: Notes On The Management of Spoiled Identity*. But Goffman is a social scientist, however perceptive and open to experience he himself is. It is the writer alone who can create out of stigmatization that gauge of perception by which others—non-writers, non-cripples—are going to have to measure their own lives. This is where the writer creates what the social scientist can, at best, describe. The felt experience that one confronts in Brickner's autobiography is made up of an individual, one solitary island in the indifferent sea determined to thrust itself, rocks, crags, and all, into view.

"In May of 1953, a few days after my twentieth birthday, I broke my neck in an automobile accident and lay for a while, precariously, on the farthest rim of existence." With this sentence, *My Second Twenty Years* begins. The writer announces his presence, the cripple announces his coming into being. The rest of the book constitutes Brickner's response to the challenge he has set for himself. He wants nothing less than "to re-create my re-creation." There are moments, sentences, in which in his need to extend the distance between his own self and the self that constitutes his subject matter he depletes his own perceptions, as when he catalogues a former teacher visiting him in his hospital room at Middlebury: "You knew he made good martinis, this man." At other times, the needs of the writer get in the way of the needs of the man, so that the man gives away too much and the writer settles for too little. Brickner's sexual life is the fulcrum of the book. But the kind of sexual punning with which he greets his first ejaculation in nine years is one of the few instances in which his prose disguises more than it reveals, as if choosing Joyce over Freud had made him a minor comedian. Brickner's difficulty, after all, is so much greater than sex as a technique. He has to show the price one pays, the desperation with which sexual failure can mar an otherwise self-created life. And that question, as Brickner must know, is not whether sex is as central to our lives as psychoanalysis claims (he is himself the son of two psychiatrists, each of whom figures prominently in the debts he must pay) but rather the extent to which the centrality of sex has been grafted onto the life of the cripple so that he has no other choice but to believe it. The punning does little more than interrupt that centrality, a centrality vital to the book as well as to the life. Modesty becomes few writers, particularly those sufficiently conscious of their own struggles for selfhood so that they are compelled to write about it.

But such weaknesses must be mentioned only because the book succeeds so well in maintaining the expectations it arouses in the very first chapter. On the whole, the writing is alive, remarkably controlled, incisive—and insistent on the perogatives of honest manhood. There is little hyperbole, no apparent willingness to settle for a quick sexual heroism. Brickner is not going to play at being "one of the boys." To set down one's sexual story, particularly in terms of how that sexuality relates to one's "crippledness," is to learn to cherish one's own scars. Sex, too, becomes a road out of the self, a path leading to the world of the "normals"—and beyond. Only that cripple who has created an existence for himself that he can live with can write, "I am the classic self-made man," without fear of being laughed at. If he is to survive without madness, his perspective on the world must be a kind of benign distance. He must, after all, face the well-being and their legions on a day-to-day basis. He

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finds himself lectured to, pestered for advice, told to be a stoic, considered to be too much of a stoic, provoked by the curiosity of the "normals," asked to explain himself, encouraged to be patient, consumed by rage. Years ago, I wrote an essay comparing the cripple to the black. Were I to write it today, I think I would bypass such analogies as somehow too facile. The cripple has no outside world to account for his disasters. It is all so simple, so much a form of accident—a virus entering a child's body, a young man being thrown from an MG while speeding down a country road.

My Second Twenty Years is, finally, a remarkable book about a life made markable by a writer—first broken, then patched and mended until it could finally be created, as the writer Richard Brickner created this life.

Leonard Kriegel

Leonard Kriegel's own account of the life of a cripple is *The Long Walk Home.*

The Sorcerer Of Bolinas Reef by Charles Reich

(Random House; $10)

From 1969, my freshman year at Yale, I remember a lanky, shambling, curly-haired bum who sometimes hung around the iron fence outside Mory's at lunchtime, goofily grinning at passersby. Sometimes he was surrounded by students who seemed to me, as I quickened my step, patronizing both toward this middle-aged dropout whose dislocation looked pathetically adolescent and toward me, who was so busy, so uptight, that I lacked the time or inclination to linger, gape, groove, rap. They made me feel guilty—for working, wanting to work, wanting to squeeze the most out of an (unforgettably expensive) college career. Sure, I was socially awkward, and sure, I missed much "life" in my devotion to books and yes, books then and now have served me as an occasional substitute for, as well as supplement to, an otherwise unfulfilling quotidien routine. But oh! how it irked me that my industry should be decreed (with silent pitying glances) inadequacy. Individually I *knew* those lingerers. I had sat next to them in classes where they paraded their half-prepared thoughts as "heavy," and where grandiose declarations that they were really "into" the subject usually meant that they had merely done the assignment. I had debated against their logic, gloppy with sentiment, hysteria, self-importance: their assertion that they were going to change the world not by hard learning, not by work, but by somehow ideally (and conveniently) *being*, like privileged children. One on one, I took a sterile pleasure in pricking their pretenses, until they shook their heads hopelessly, forsook the argument, and jollied off to groove together. What bugged me most, and the sore source of my resentment, was the justice of their unarticulated pity: I *was* a lonely, uptight, over-intellectual, success-obsessed, rigorous and friendless overachiever, socially unattractive even to myself; but even so, I was unwilling to abandon my ideals, my trust in the power of intellect and the value of work, in favor of their solipsistic, unchallenging, deluded, deluding and destructive optimism.

The bum was "Charlie" Reich.

And when he published *The Greening of America* the next year, I laid into it with all the intellectual savagery I could muster, glorying in his glaring and ludicrous inconsistencies, his rejection of "the concept of excellence," his assertion of the superiority of raucous rock to Beethoven's Ninth, his sentimental celebration of every counter-cultural attribute from patched jeans to unwashed bodies, statements like: "The young people of Consciousness III see effortlessly what is phony or dishonest in politics, or what is ugly and meretricious in architecture, whereas an older person has to go through years of education to make himself equally aware." I transformed my jealousy of their ease and camaraderie into indictments as accurate and intolerant as broken glass.

Much has happened since. A graduate, happily married, I am making my way by my wits. Reich, estranged by his celebrity and university constraints, left Yale in 1974 for the anonymous world. The Yale we knew, where we (unbeknownst to him) wrestled, has receded into class notes and reminiscenses shared over beers between the end of work and the obligations of evening. And now, like an echo, a coda, across six years, comes Reich's second book, *The Sorcerer of Bolinas Reef*, an autobiography, a pathetic on-and-off honest-and-sentimental account of a mostly lost life, and suddenly it is possible for me, drained of most of the hostility with which I animated Reich and made him loom huge, to see his career coolly and understand how unjustly I judged.

The key, sad fact is that Reich did not experience sex with male or female until he was past 40. An uptight over-achiever, compared to whom I must have seemed slothful, Reich always did best—in law school, as law clerk to Justice Hugo Black, as young hotshot Washington lawyer, as professor of law—to compensate for his (to him) disgusting and intolerable homosexual inclinations. Exiled from normal intimacy, he came to see his world with the ruthless objective eye of an outsider. How false and pretentious the rituals of power in Washington, the expense account luncheons and smiles and souls, the exclusionary clubby way our democracy was run. Reich's portrait of himself twiddling his thumbs through three rounds of cocktails; awkward and embarrassed with his obligatory dates, isolated in his "efficiency" apartment, punctilious and chafing in stiff suits, is a vivid gall-etched vision any Smollett could delight in. Except for Justices Black and Douglas, Reich can not bring himself to admire anyone from his Washington days. Though he commends the graciousness, intelligence and taste of Henry and Martha, a composite married couple, he can not approve of a domestic contentment which will not—ever—include him as a necessary part. He is alternately the embittered observer and the lost self-pitying child, longing to be "cuddled," as he repeatedly puts it, and finding it strange that women are put off by his reluctance to have sex.

At Yale, where Reich moved in 1960, the automatic community of unmarrieds brightened Reich's life and outlook. Then in the summer of 1967, he went to Berkeley, California, where his uptightness was assailed by the easy-living, easy-loving barefoot revolutionaries. Their uncritical acceptance of fellow transients enabled Reich to come to accept himself, his homosexuality. Eventually, desperate and determined, he called up a male hustler, and made the plunge.

The coincidence of Reich's loss of his unwanted virginity and the counter-cultural "awakening" explains his excessive and imprecise adulation of the new consciousness's prescience and effect. Yes, those students and dropouts could see ugliness their parents neglected—wrecked landscapes, bru-

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talizing bureaucracies, the idiotic extremes of materialistic greed. They were more tolerant, generous, able to relate to one another, at least on a superficial level, with cotton-candy Christianity. They fertilized the growth of conscience that opened up our political processes. But finally—and this is the point convert Reich refuses to confront—they were ineffectual, advocates of a program that could lead only to boredom and frustration and not to accomplishment. Reich repeatedly declares that the "revolution," whatever that is, can only be accomplished by change of consciousness. But the cultivation of "consciousness" is a wasteful, self-indulgent activity if one lacks work to give existence shape and meaning. Grooving on the beauty of beaches, envisioning yourself as their sorcerer, does not save those beaches. Indiscriminate "acceptance" of others does not lead to lasting commitment. To change the world, to build a better future, requires not just the right aspirations but ability and diligence. It may be that my lounging classmates "lived" better in college, but I built better, honed a tool, language, which affords me strength and helps me comprehend increasingly complex questions.

The conclusion of *The Sorcerer of Bolinas Reef* is relentlessly optimistic, a "Whitmanesque" (as modest Reich describes it) invitation to join the liberated, loving, free, sensual, exuberant author in facing the platitudinous "western ocean, the limitless horizon" and creating a "new community where we can experience wonder and magic and love." Considering where he came from, I suppose this is an improvement for Reich: sex is better than no sex. But through his picket fence of exclamation points, I wonder, is he really happy, or just the same sad purposeless futureless outcast, gazing at pedestrians, trying to persuade himself of his joy by grinning.

Carl Tucker

Carl Tucker writes for *The Village Voice*.

Reconsideration

Pilgrimage by Dorothy Richardson

Dorothy Richardson's *Pilgrimage*, which originally appeared between 1915 and 1938 and has never been reprinted in a low-priced edition, is now being published by Popular Library in four paperbound volumes. Each of them has a long-haired blonde beauty on the cover, who looks more sophisticated and worldly all the time but is not exactly the image suggested by "little Mirry Henderson" caught in the shocking act of "strolling at midnight across Piccadilly Circus." Chances are that even for those especially sensitive to the material surface of a novel, the alluring new garb of *Pilgrimage* would not turn it into a *Dawn of Desire*. But something has happened to it nevertheless; and to reread all the novels that make up *Pilgrimage*, not in the solid cloth of the standard "omnibus" edition available since 1938, but in the pulpy form so familiar to our contemporary eyes and hands, is to have a remarkable experience.

In the first place, our perspectives on a novel whose center of consciousness is unremittingly female have quite simply changed in the last 10 years. We no longer feel obliged, for example, to emphasize the historic role of *Pilgrimage* in the development of "stream of consciousness" fiction while playing down the "trivial" content of a young girl's mind. Instead we can register the content itself as even more innovative than the method of the limited and subjective point of view. For Dorothy Richardson had the courage of two extraordinary convictions: she believed that the mental life—or sensibility—of a callow provincial girl, rendered with art, could have both an emblematic and an intrinsic value; and she felt she could insist on the freedom to record such a life in a novel. In 1912, approaching the age of 40, she sat down to write *Pointed Roofs* not as she had been urged to do, as "the confessions of a modern woman" but as the first volume of a pilgrimage to no particular shrine, a pilgrimage undertaken in the joyous spirit of Montaigne ("It is the journey, not the arrival, which matters") and in defiance of most of the conventions surrounding the novel. She had no cause or platform beyond the passionate belief that the sheer existence of anything or anybody but especially of oneself was forever astonishing. If this is what she believed (and one finds it reiterated throughout the novels), then it is not surprising that although volume followed volume for 25 years *Pilgrimage* was never finished: to have brought the journey to an end—or arrived at a destination—would have gone against the philosophic grain. She herself was non-committal about concluding *Pilgrimage*. Aware that most people expected it to come at last to a more or less conventional end, she made a half-hearted effort to satisfy them and let it be thought for years that she was working on a final volume. This was found among her papers when she died in 1957, a typescript eventually published as *March Moonlight* and advertised as a concluding "chapter-volume" but which does not read that way to me at all. Yet one can understand the dilemma of her audience, for it must have seemed impossible that a novel should go on indefinitely without revealing an intellectual shape or form. Where was the equivalent of Proust's *Le Temps Retrouvé*, or if not that, of the controlling idea or impulse behind the work? There seemed only the sensibility of Miriam responding to summer trees and the scent of cloves, to a new blouse as well as a Gluck aria squeaked out by a violin in the street below, while in the room with her is the man who eventually eases her of the burden of virginity but at the moment is interfering with Gluck. Unlike the sensibility in Proust, this one resists formulations, suspects general statements, and records detail profusely and lyrically, not as supporting material or evidence but in the belief that it has an inherent value and interest. This is what gives *Pilgrimage* so unique a character and place. No monumental structure is being built, no metaphysical question posed or answer sought, no synthesis strained after. Yet there is not a world of difference—as one might be led to think—between Stephen Dedalus leaving Dublin for Paris and Miriam Henderson embarking from suburban Barnes for Hanover. Both of them were setting out "to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience," and all of *Pilgrimage* reflects the basic tenet of its author, that to embrace life, to "welcome" it—as Stephen Dedalus

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does at the end of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*—is to begin to know what it means to be free. But unlike Stephen, Miriam follows no program, has no ideology or interlocking set of values; while he is a priest of the imagination, she is a votaress of sensibility.

So Dorothy Richardson insisted on the unsymbolic nature as well as the worth of Miriam Henderson's various personal triumphs: smoking her first cigarette at 18 and (incredible as it may seem) reading her first newspaper not long after that; daring to venture into a restaurant late in the evening and without an escort, and bicycling alone into the English countryside. But she also laughed at Miriam's snobbishness and naivete, and played her off against a host of brilliantly contrasting characters who are nevertheless creatures of Miriam's mind and held in check by it. The consciousness of Miriam, growing more seasoned and subtle as time—and experience—go on, is a unifying and controlling force throughout; and those who have heard only about the limitations of such consistency might be surprised at Dorothy Richardson's sure handling of it all.

With our distance from the early moderns increasing, we ought to be able to look at *Pilgrimage* in its own right for once, and set about isolating its distinctive equalities, capturing its flavor and tone. For the scene of the novels is a world safely old enough to be interesting again, like a brownstone of the '20s. They take place when the scandal of Oscar Wilde rocked the suburbs of London and Ibsen's *Brand* was "improper"; when H. G. Wells was arguing for world progress and free love, and Dorothy Richardson (who had loved him freely) decided she did not want to be one of his "crawling cabs waiting to be hailed." They document an era, these novels, and yet they do this through the sensibility of Miriam who is always there in the flowing dramatic present of a recreated world. As a matter of fact, the novels draw in large measure on Dorothy Richardson's own life-experience. She intended *Pilgrimage* to contain her, to be inseparable from herself, but astonishingly enough the subject of her autobiographical novel is *not* herself just as much as it *is*. Which means that she was able to do a very difficult thing—to stand back and view her own life through the eyes of the artist, with a freshness and an impersonality not often achieved. The self-control, the coolness, the discipline required to do this account for the authority of the voice that sounds in *Pilgrimage*, an authority established at once, with little fanfare and much modesty, and sustained with seeming ease through the entire length of the work. They account, too, for the complete autonomy of *Pilgrimage*. There is no need to know anything about Dorothy Richardson's life to read her novel. It has an independent, self-justifying existence that rarely falters, never betrays itself, and never shatters the illusion of art.

Gloria G. Fromm

Gloria G. Fromm is author of a forthcoming biography of Dorothy Richardson (Univ. of Illinois Press).

Correspondence, *from page 9*

Practice what you preach

To the editors:

James Hoge's January 22 piece ("Press and President") was a complete joke to reders of his *Chicago Daily News*.

Hoge urges editors to shun "the tempting alternative of loading up the media with appealing trivia." Isn't it odd, then, that the *Daily News* is the home of an incredibly banal gossip column called "Mort," of a "people" column prominently displayed on page five, of a new column summarizing the plots of TV shows and of countless tearjerkers and trivial "human interest" stories, often played on page one? To the *Daily News* show biz, sexy personalities and violence is still the stuff of important news—witness the repeated front page treatment of the Claudine Longet case.

Hoge also calls on editors to no longer dismiss international news as "being of little interest or importance to general readers." Why is it, then, that foreign reporting by the *Daily News* staff has apparently disappeared from a paper once renowned for its foreign correspondents? The *Daily News* has many good reporters, but Hoge, as editor-in-chief, must bear the responsibility for the paper's increasingly sleazy and mindless tone. The pontificating in his article rings hollow indeed.

Robert Hykan
Cornell University

TRB, *from page 4*

other in advance whenever it plans to test-fire an ICBM, and maybe a three or four year cessation of nuclear tests. He appears to be negotiating right from the press conference.

Warnke is being interrogated by a Senate committee even while Mr. Carter sees the press. Enemies are trying to grab some extraneous issue: how did Daniel Ellsberg get the top secret copy of the Pentagon Papers in 1971? Warnke had a copy, transferred it to a high security vault at the Rand Corporation when he left the Johnson Administration (where he was assistant secretary of Defense); two former aides, Morton Halperin and Leslie Gelb, jointly authorized access for Ellsberg. Was Warnke involved? Conservatives seem ready to grasp at anything. Confirmation seems inevitable.

. . . The half hour is up, the first press conference is over. How did he do? Very well, I thought. I shall wait to hear the definitive judgment of John Osborne, but in the meantime he seemed to me clear, crisp and confident and master of the occasion. He was splendidly briefed. Kennedy for wit, Ford for warmth, FDR for virtuosity, but for technical command Jimmy Carter. It is also gratifying to feel that in this Russian negotiating business he is probably right.

Mr. Carter proposes to have two press conferences a month; I hope he does. Whether he can take the adversary relationship remains to be seen. FDR had two a week; Richard Nixon let five months pass without one. Walter Lippmann called them "not a privilege but an organic necessity." A corps of knowledgeable journalists is ready to question. If Mr. Carter is serious about getting his views to the public there is no better way.

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The most entertaining gathering in town during the past week was the induction by *Fortune* and *Junior Achievement* of eight Americans, four dead and four said to be alive, into the "Business Hall of Fame." What bewilders me is how American business, whenever it tries solemnly to present a strong image of itself, inevitably touches banality. Only it would think of putting Benjamin Franklin into the same category as Elizabeth Arden and Joyce Clyde Hall, the creator of Hallmark Cards; only it would say that Henry Kaiser "shared with Elizabeth Arden a passionate preference for pink," which is presumably why, in the trailer of the event, it used a picture of her in a blue dress, with a bowl of yellow roses beside her. The achievements of American business are remarkable; but whenever it celebrates its own values, it seems determined to reach to the lowest common denominator of every Rotary Club in the land. The audience tittered at the name of Franklin; it could not hide its embarrassment.

So the Smith Bagleys have come to town with the money of Reynolds Tobacco behind them, with a much publicized access to the new president, and with a name that might belong to one of the lesser landed gentry in one of the smaller counties of England. To announce their arrival, there were parties, and the upper crust of Washington (or its soft underbelly, depending how you look at it), rushed to pay obeisance to them: to the scent of power and the smell of money. "This evil town," Dean Rusk once exploded. "This vulgar town," I say of it in this abject mood. But I have found a way of dealing with it. To those whom I know would have liked to have been invited, but were not, I say in passing, "Didn't see you at the Smith Bagleys the other night;" and turn back to see the look of *angst* on their faces.

John Sparkman, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, recently held an "extended series" of hearings about the goals of American foreign policy. The record of the 13 sessions of these hearings runs to 730 pages. Sen. Sparkman asked the Congressional Research Service to "evaluate" it, and to "list the most important questions that should be considered in our search for a long-range and positive foreign policy." He has now told us that "the questions that evolved" include: "If worldwide peace and social and economic justice are accepted or acceptable goals of US foreign policy, how should these goals be reached? . . . What moral standards, if any, should guide US foreign policy? . . . What should be the overriding goals of US policy in relation to (a) its traditional allies; (b) the Soviet Union, China and Eastern Europe; (c) developing countries?" The other five questions are of the same order. A high-school debating society would have begun with them, but the Foreign Relations Committee required the assistance of the Congressional Research Service to bring them forth. "Now that we know the basic questions," proclaimed Sen. Sparkman, "let the search begin" for the answers. In all the brouhaha about corruption, I find this kind of idling far more worrying.

The latest political bloodletting in Ethiopia reminded me of the interview which I had with Haile Selassie a few years ago, before he was deposed. When it was indicated that my hour's audience was coming to an end, I put one last question, saying that I had been to the races in Addis Ababa on Saturday, and had put all my money on His Imperial Majesty's horse in the last race, believing that it must win, but it had lost. How could that be? For the first time, Haile Selassie betrayed, with the slightest of smiles, that he had understood my question in English. But it was translated into Amharic, he answered in Amharic, and the Chief of Protocol turned to me: "His Imperial Majesty hopes that you will now believe that this is a democratic country." I know that Haile Selassie's rule was maintained by oppression and bloodshed, but I was nonetheless appalled to read, just before the latest display of them under his successors, of the conditions in which his family—women and grandchildren—are being kept in the cellars of the Imperial Palace. Barbarous revenge is no worse when inflicted on royalty than on other people; but it must be a strange soul which, without following Burke in his paean to Marie Antionette, is not affected by their fallen condition.

The legacies of western democracy, when it has had time to work on the minds of its pupils, are continually surprising and moving. All of us have felt saddened at the severities to which Mrs. Indira Gandhi has felt it necessary to reach, for India was meant to be good. But now she is faced with an election, and at once the democratic impulse in her country, and in her, searches to assert itself. Mr. Jagjivan Ram, the most distinguished member of her cabinet, and a member of the cabinet since India claimed her independence, resigns both from it and from the Congress party. What does Mrs. Gandhi do? She takes to the stump. She holds a mass meeting, with an estimated 100,000 people present, and it breaks up in disorder. On the same spot the next day, Mr. Ram holds a mass meeting, with twice the number of people present, and he is acclaimed. As the day for the nominations comes near, Mrs. Gandhi is even releasing her opponents from jail. Perhaps she will lock them all up again, and I will have to write a sad paragraph of withdrawal. But in the past week the tremendous power of the western political idea has again revealed itself. When Macaulay wrote his great state paper, aruging why the Indians should be taught the English language, it was for this he was fighting. He would be glad this week.

All of us wish well to President Carter in his effort to get government regulations written in plain English. But the wish for plainness can be misplaced. Regulations are meant to be enforced, with penalties for not observing them. What they require, and who is meant to obey them, must therefore be placed beyond misinterpretation. In its editorial, *The New York Times* complained about the definition of a spouse in one regulation as "a person of the opposite sex who is a wife or husband . . . provided the marriage meets the requirements of #3.1 (j)". This may seem silly, but it is needed when many people claim to be married when they have been through no kind of ceremony, and homosexuals also claim to be married. Not long ago, the city council in Boulder, Colorado passed an ordinance which was meant to enable homosexuals to marry. But the wording was so loose that a man turned up at city hall with his horse, saying that they wished to be wed. The city clerk could find nothing in the ordinance to prevent such a marriage, until he thought of asking the man the age of the mare. When he was told, he said that the mare was under the age of consent.

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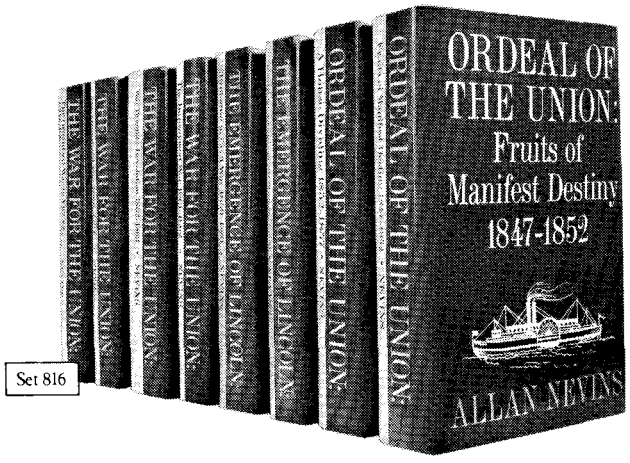

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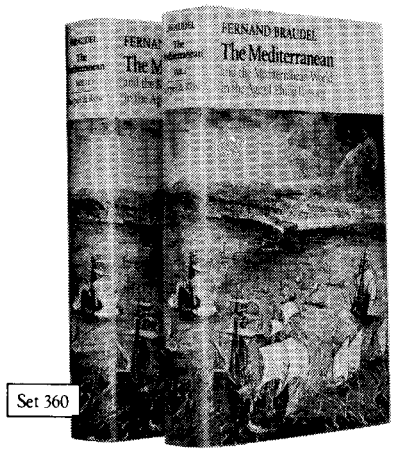

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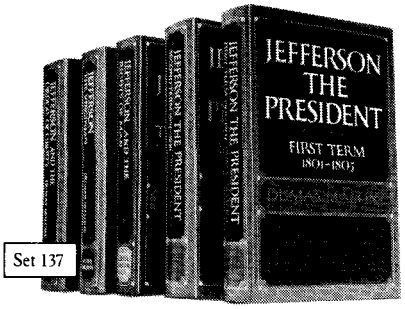

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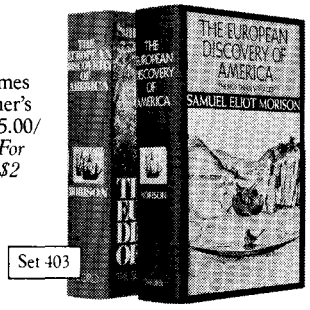

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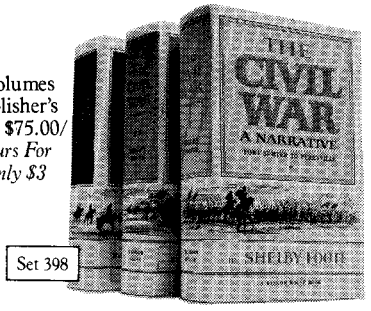

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Next time you need a prescription drug, who should select it?

You'd be surprised how many people want to get into the act.

And their motives aren't bad.

Some pharmacy groups contend that when pharmacists fill your prescription, they should be permitted to substitute their choice of the drug product for the brand specified by your doctor.

Certain consumer activist groups claim that such substitution would save you money.

And some legislators, at both state and federal levels, regularly propose laws to permit pharmacists to interchange brands without the doctor's approval.

The member companies of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association applaud the motives but have serious doubts about the validity of the claims.

We think the money saving argument is fallacious. Some states have had pro-substitution laws for years. Yet, when you look for evidence that consumers have saved money, it doesn't exist.

And there's more than money at stake.

There's the important question of whether all brands of a drug are the same.

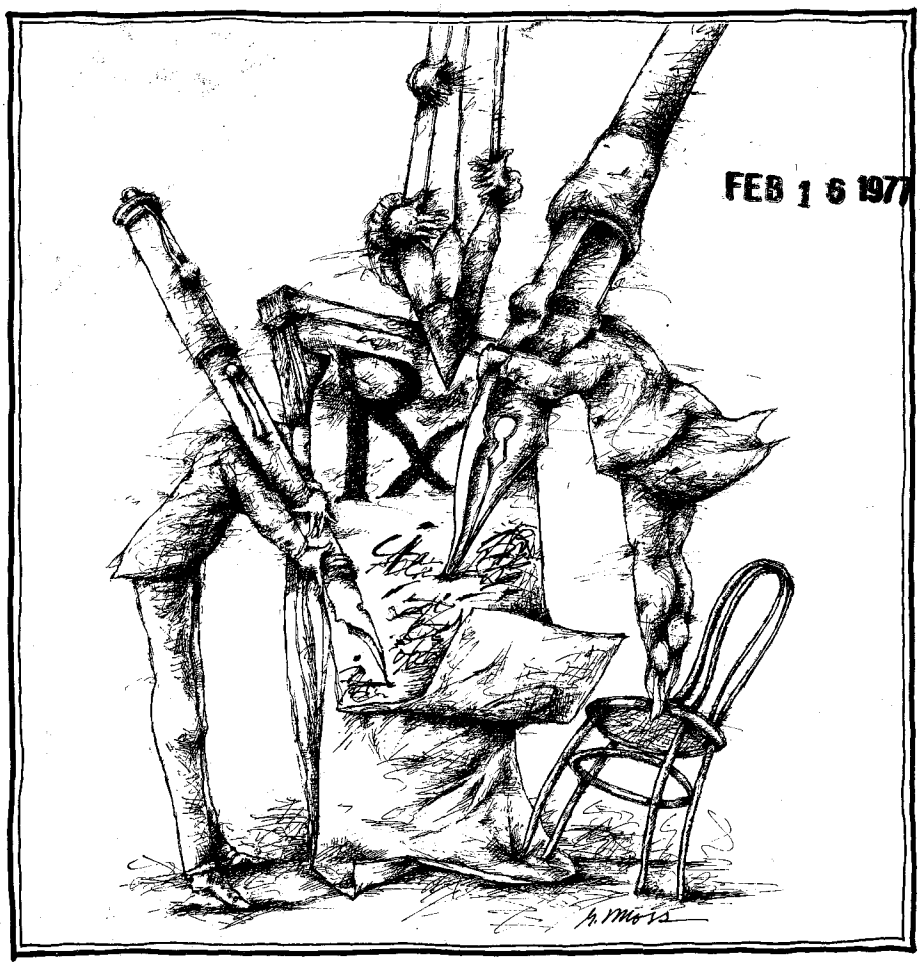
The fact is that two versions of the same drug, formulated by different companies, using different inert materials and manufacturing procedures, and different quality control measures, can have different effects on patients.

Current drug standards, and their enforcement, don't adequately ensure the equivalency of differing drug formulations. The Office of Technology Assessment of the U.S. Congress has said as much. So have many scientific experts in drug therapy.

Which leads us to conclude that your doctor is in the best position to select your prescription drugs. Only he has the knowledge of your health history and present condition as well as of the medicines that can help you. Your pharmacist and your doctor, working together, can select the best and most economical therapy. The collaboration goes on every day, and it requires no change in the law to continue and grow.

That's why we think that, while the advice of the pharmacist is an important factor in your doctor's prescribing, the final selection of the specific medication should remain in your doctor's hands.

We hope you agree.



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